DOMINION DAY ISSUE

The Mounties-FIRST OF FIVE PARTS

Ottawa-A PORTFOLIO OF RARE PHOTOGRAPHS

MACLEAN'S

JULY 1 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



WITH YOUR NEW FORD, METEOR, MERCURY, MONARCH OR LINCOLN



choose QUALITY Ford ACCESSORIES

Quality Ford Accessories

THE BEST YOU CAN BUY... AT THE BEST TIME TO BUY!

Quality Ford Accessories are the only accessories designed for passenger cars built by Ford of Canada. They are unmatched for design, finish and quality. Each will contribute to your pride of ownership and enhance the superlative styling of your new car.

Your Ford of Canada Dealer can show you a complete range of Quality Ford Accessories, or select groups of accessories that will meet your driving needs and enable you to personalize your new car to your own taste. Remember—Quality Ford Accessories can be added to the purchase price of your new car—and, if you wish, time payments can be arranged. So why not get all your new car can offer from the very first day of ownership?

1. There's a Quality Ford Radio styled for your new Ford, Meteor, Mercury, Monarch or Lincoln and custom-engineered to give the finest car radio performance.
2. Rear seat speaker available for all models is matched to the radio for balanced listening in front and rear seats.
3. Your Ford of Canada Dealer will show you seat covers in exclusive materials and in a wide range of colours and patterns.
4. Enjoy the convenience and safety of automatic self-cancelling turn indicators.
5. Windshield washer cleans away road dust, grime and mud spots at a touch of the convenient control button.
6. There is a wide range of safety mirrors, each designed to blend smartly with the styling of your new car.
7. This rear view mirror is designed so that at the touch of a finger it tilts to avoid reflecting glaring headlights behind you.

You'll find every accessory for added safety, convenience and appearance—and for both and engine protection in the complete range of Quality Ford Accessories.

Visit your Ford of Canada Dealer

OVER 1000 DEALERS TO SERVE YOU

-SSORIES DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

NEW YORK LIFE presents a

NEW LIFE INSURANCE POLICY

for Business and Professional People

MINIMUM FACE AMOUNT $10,000

Larger unit sales have made for economy in other businesses. New York Life applies this principle to life insurance—and passes the savings on to policy owners in lower premiums, greater values for their insurance dollars. This policy is available to age 70. An applicant who may not be able to qualify for standard insurance for reasons of health or occupation, may be insurable under this policy at a higher rate.

LOW PREMIUM RATES

The annual premium rate for standard insurance under the new Whole Life policy is only $17.89 per $1,000 at age 25, $23.59 at 35, $33.64 at 45, $50.46 at 55. Policies with waiver of premium and double indemnity benefits are available at slightly higher rates. New York Life is a mutual company and pays dividends to policy owners only. Dividends can be used to reduce the low premium payments.

EARLY HIGH CASH VALUES

Low as the premium rates are, this policy builds high cash and loan values fast—equal to the full reserve at the end of the seventh year. For example, the seventh year cash and loan value of a policy taken out at age 25 is $92 per $1,000, at 35 $123, at 45, $164, and at 55, $213. The low premiums, high cash values and dividends combine to make this policy unusually attractive. Get details from your New York Life agent!

Now! *Low-cost* life insurance you can afford *today* builds HIGH CASH VALUES fast—helps you protect your family and build for your future, too!

Countless business and professional people are faced with the twofold problem of maintaining their living standards at today's high costs and setting up the kind of *future* financial security they'd like their families—and themselves—to have.

For these people New York Life has developed a new life insurance policy—one which is remarkably low in premium cost, yet builds up high cash values quickly.

This new policy is, in effect, life insurance in the "economy size" package. Since the minimum amount is $10,000, economies are possible which keep the premiums low.

So if you've been meaning to take out more insurance—but have been putting it off because you think you can't afford it—ask your New York Life agent about this new policy or mail the coupon today!



Ideal for men with the problem of providing a good living for their families *today* and at the same time building security for the years ahead.



New features make it ideal for all types of business life insurance—for sole proprietors, partners, key-men, stockholders in close corporations.

CANADA... AND NEW YORK LIFE

New York Life has been serving Canadians since 1868.

Today New York Life has over $167,000,000 of insurance in force in Canada and over $184,000,000 invested in Canadian securities and mortgages. New York Life funds are helping to develop Canada's great natural resources of oil and petro-chemicals and its metals industries. The company is assisting in the extensive task of bringing to market the oil of mid-western Canada and the iron ore of Quebec and Labrador, and is helping to bring increased power and telephone service to the residents of British Columbia, Ontario and Quebec.

FREE—CANADIAN TAX BOOKLET

Write for your copy of this handy guide to Income Splitting and Bill Taxation.

NEW YORK LIFE

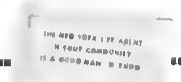
INSURANCE COMPANY

320 BAY STREET, TORONTO

Victoria Vancouver Calgary Edmonton Regina Winnipeg Ottawa Montreal Jubilee City

LIFE HOSPITALIZATION, MAJOR MEDICAL, ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS, GROUP

MAIL THIS COUPON



New York Life Insurance Company,
Dept. M2 320 Bay Street Toronto Canada

☐ Please furnish me, without obligation, full information on your new, low-premium $10,000 Whole Life insurance policy.

☐ Send me my FREE copy of the 1954 Canadian Tax Book.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ PROVINCE _____

PLEASE PRINT

MACLEAN'S

JULY 1 1954 VOLUME 67 NUMBER 13

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

OUR DOMINION DAY MESSAGE:

Let's Relax

CANADIANS squander a good deal of their patriotic fervor proving that this is the second best country in the world.

Canada has the second highest standard of living. That means the second largest number of washing machines and deep freezes and automobiles and radio sets per capita, second smallest work week and second biggest take home pay. We haven't looked it up, but we'd guess that Canada has also the second-highest incidence of stomach ulcers. Toronto is almost as modern a city as New York. Montreal is almost as Parisian as Paris.

The purpose of these reflections is not to urge that the nation pull up its socks and start buying the *most* deep freezes, making the *most* money and collecting the *most* ulcers. Nor is it to issue a brave reminder that material things aren't everything. Our sole message for this Dominion Day is: let's relax. Our only patriotic exhortation is: let's not be too self conscious in our patriotism.

Canada, we firmly believe, is approaching that critical stage that in individual humans is called the change of life. A silent earthquake is at work in the hidden fastnesses of the body and the soul. Youth is disappearing and every cell is protesting against age. The future of the whole organic structure rests on the success with which it makes the adjustment.

Virtually all nations make a ghastly mess of the change of life. They come out of it filled with self importance and arrogance, their attitudes toward their neighbors a blend of envy for the strong and contempt for the weak. What a different place the world would be if the great nations that have undergone the change of life within human memory had come through it with full respect not only for the rights of other nations but for their feelings. Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Russia, Japan—the postures they adopted in their full maturity all reflected at least one common impulse: a distrust of foreigners coupled with a certain scorn. The world they created has been at best a highly unmannerly place and at worst a highly dangerous one.

We Canadians have many things to be thankful for and a few to be proud of. We have every reason to acknowledge our thanks and no reason to deny our pride. But let's try to put a curb on the habit of comparing our every possession with someone else's possession, measuring our every quality against someone else's quality. It's a mug's game anyway: start putting even our justly famous Great Outdoors on a statistical basis and you discover that the biggest muskellunge ever caught was caught in Wisconsin, not Ontario; and there are rainbow trout in the Andes that could eat the biggest trout in the Rockies for breakfast.

We don't share the belief that patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels. But when it turns to a form of xenophobia it does provide a woefully thin disguise for fools.

Ralph Allen ... Editor
Pierre Berton ... Managing Editor
Leslie F. Hannon ... Associate Editor
Blair Fraser ... Ottawa Editor
Art Director Gene Aliano. Assistant Desmond English
Assistant Editors: Fred Bodsworth, N. O. Bannerman, Trent Frayne, John Gray, Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders, Janice Tyrwhitt
Regional Editors: David MacDonald, Montreal; McKenzie Porter, Quebec; Robert Collins, Western Canada.
Editorial Assistants: Joan Doty, Iris Harrison, Mary Reade, Joan Weatherseed

Douglas M. Gowdy ... Manager
Hull Linton ... Advertising Manager
B. Wes Spicer, Advertising Production Manager
George V. Loughton ... Circulation Director
R. Douglas Myles ... Circulation Manager
H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director Maclean-Hunter

Editorial, Circulation & Advertising Offices
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

CONTENTS

Vol. 67 July 1 1954 No. 13

Cover painting by Rex Woods

Picture Portfolio

OTTAWA AS IT USED TO BE ... 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15

Articles

LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THE MOUNTIES
Part I Allan Phillips ... 7
THE WHITE AND THE GOLD Part 8
CANADA'S FIRST BIG BUSINESSMAN
Thomas B. Costain ... 11
THE PLACE THE GAS WILL COME FROM
Robert Collins ... 12
SAM SLICK SLEPT HERE David MacDonald ... 21
HE COLLECTS CANADA James Bannerman ... 24

Fiction

CATHERINE AND THE WINTER WHEAT
P. B. Hughes ... 14

Departments

EDITORIAL ... 2
LONDON LETTER Beverley Baxter ... 4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA Blair Fraser ... 5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES Rated by Clyde Gilmour ... 26
CANADIANECDOTE When the Cops Were Cosing
The Cops M. S. Donnelly ... 34
MAILBAG ... 58
MONEY MATTERS Paul Steinel ... 60
JASPER Cartoon by Simpson ... 61
IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE ... 63
PARADE ... 64

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Norman Jones (4) CNR (7) Ken Bell (7) MGM (8) Public Archives of Canada (9 15) Paul Rockett (18 19) Reid Studios (22) Peter Croydon (24)

MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED. Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean. HORACE T. HUNTER, Chairman of the Board; FLOYD S. CHALMERS, President; DONALD F. HUNTER, Vice President and Managing Director; THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice President and Controller; Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices: 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. Publishing Office: 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada. UNITED STATES: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, Chicago Trust Bldg., Dallas 317, 320 Fifth Ave., New York 36, 360 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, GREAT BRITAIN: Rolfard Member Limited, Wellington House, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2. Single copies 15c. Subscription prices, in Canada, 1 year $3.00, 2 years $5.00. 1 years $7.00, 3 years $10.00. Price for all other countries $4.50 per year. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Contents Copyright 1954 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited

Characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Maclean's are entirely fictitious. Contents may not be reprinted without permission. Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.



The Chevrolet Two-Ten 4-Door Sedan. With three great series, Chevrolet offers the most beautiful choice of models in its field.

DO YOU TAKE THIS CAR—FOR YOUR VERY OWN?

I DO! I DO! I DO!

THAT'S WHAT WOMEN ARE SAYING about the new Chevrolet because it gives them what they would expect to find only in higher priced cars—things like Body by Fisher, Power Steering and, most of all, wonderful Powerglide automatic transmission.

This different automatic transmission offers special advantages worth a lot of attention when you're thinking about buying a new car.

YOU'LL NOTICE THIS DIFFERENCE the minute you start. Nudge the accelerator and you're away! Powerglide's automatic starting and passing range moves you out ahead instantly, positively, and swiftly. Powerglide performance is as smooth as satin all the way.

YOU'LL NOTICE THIS DIFFERENCE over all the miles you drive. Powerglide is as thrifty as it is zippy! This economy comes from Powerglide's own perfected design and from the special* Blue-Flame 125" engine with the highest compression ratio in any leading low-priced car. It delivers more power and finer performance on less gas.

DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL, driving is easier and more convenient. You start the engine, for example, in "Park" as well as "Neutral"—a handy advantage when you're parked on a hill. Then "Low" and "Reverse" are side by side on the control quadrant for easier rocking out of sand, mud or snow.

Your Chevrolet dealer will be glad to have you drive a Powerglide Chevrolet any time you like. (It's optional on all models at extra cost.) And while you're at it, you'll discover that Chevrolet offers you a good many more exclusive advantages. One of them is the fact of Chevrolet's low, low price! Drop in soon.



ALL THE AUTOMATIC POWER FEATURES YOU WANT—Power Steering (now at a new low price!) Power Brakes (available on Powerglide models) and Automatic Front Window and Seat Controls (on Bel Air and Two-Ten models) can all be yours as extra cost options in addition to Powerglide. And you'll see a sure sign of advanced Chevrolet engineering that this is the first low priced car to offer all these new features and conveniences!

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

SYMBOL OF SAVINGS
CHEVROLET
EMBLEM OF EXCELLENCE

This is the great new scientific development you read about



LISTERINE

ANTIZYME

TOOTH PASTE

stops the major cause of tooth decay every minute of every day



Your dentist knows that the major cause of cavities is a kind of chain reaction. You and your children are probably eating several times a day. When you eat, bacteria produce enzymes that attack sugars and starches and *form the acids that can cause decay.*

Now, after years of careful research, all day protection is available to you—in the brand new Listerine ANTIZYME Tooth Paste. ANTIZYME *breaks the decay acid chain!* ANTIZYME Tooth Paste actually stops the enzymes that produce acids and decay.

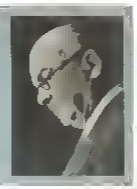


In scientific tests people who used other types of tooth paste developed dangerous decay acid within a half hour after brushing. In similar tests, 9 out of every 10 people using new ANTIZYME showed no harmful decay acids *from 12 to 24 hours after brushing.* Just morning and night brushing provides *round-the-clock protection.*



LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



What I Remember of Canada

BECAUSE this letter will appear in the July 1 issue of Maclean's I want to write as a Canadian living in exile. I would have to be armored by the thickest insensitivity if my years in Britain had made no impression but a man remains the offspring of his native country just as he remains the offspring of his parents.

What was it like when the twentieth century was born and everyone said that it would belong to Canada? I can only speak for Toronto and Ontario in general because at that time I had never seen the west and would not have seen anything beyond Ontario for seven years except that Baptist Johnston and my brother and I went as Queen's Own Riflemen to the tercentenary in Quebec.

How strange life was in those far off days, how primitive, how dull and how civilized compared with today! In those dark ages we could not just turn a knob and have a young man appear on a television screen proclaiming the advantages of a particular brand of deodorant. We could not even put a needle in a record player and hear Frank Sinatra moaning about unrequited love.

There must have been Jane Russells and Marilyn Monroes about but there was no screen to shape them before our eyes. You took a girl to hear the Messiah at Massey Hall in a horse-drawn cab and if you wanted to impress her, you gave the cabby ten cents as a tip.

Was life dull? At Christmas when the five Baxter children went to Aunt Orphena's house and joined up with our five cousins we all stood and screamed with uncontrollable excitement. My father would drive us there in a horse-drawn sleigh and I shall never forget the awful thrill when the man from the renting stable handed over the horse and sleigh to him.



Henlan's Point across the bay from Toronto was a romantic spot in 1912

In those strange distant days a fellow would take a girl across Toronto Bay to Centre Island and go for a long walk on the breakwater. Or to the bench at Henlan's Point for a walk and a swim. We had legs and we used them. A city was a city then—not a mere garage.

Most of us learned to play the piano. In fact a girl who couldn't play the piano had practically no quotation on the marriage market. And in that there be no misunderstanding about it. Many a young man went to his doom by turning over the pages of the music and browsing his face against her hair in the process.

When you wanted to make a date you wrote a note and dropped it in her letter box. Oh, the exquisite pain of waiting for a reply! And when it came in a tiny envelope and such feminine handwriting it seemed sacrilege to open it.

The church was the centre of social as well as religious activities. The Epworth League, the Men's Bible Class, Choir Practice and the terrific excitement of the high tea followed by a sacred concert in the body of the church! We barely had time to wash behind the ears before we were off to another church function.

In Toronto we also had what might be called the ruling families. There were the Gooderhams, the Mulocks, the Beardmores, the Nordheimers who all lived in great style and dignity. In fact to have a house on St. George Street was equivalent to being a peer in England today.

It was an age of personalities when people refused to conform to type. There was for example that wise old philosopher Professor Goldwin Smith who lived (if my memory does not fail) in a sort of English country house on Bayview Street, Toronto. My father took me to see him once and I remember being stimulated and excited when Goldwin Smith said: "I have lived so long that I feel as if I have seen the last horse, the last peel and the last woman."

The words went to my youthful head like wine. Here was the magic of language, pungent, rhythmic, graceful, witty and wise. The uniformity of radio and films had not yet cast their pallid spell upon humanity. Later when I joined the Nordheimer Piano Company I found the same exhilaration in listening to

Continued on page 48



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa



Dominion Day 1954: Where Do We Stand?

ON DOMINION DAY 25 years ago Canada was at the crest of what was then the greatest boom in history. All through the Thirties Canadians looked back on the summer of 1929 as a Golden Age.

This Dominion Day, compared to that one, seems a time of gloom and anxiety. With the greatest volume of unemployment we've had since the war, diminishing now but still above what we've come to call normal, Canadians are wondering if we're heading for a depression, or even if we're in one now without realizing it.

Yet according to economists of the Trade and Commerce Department, Canadians are considerably better off in the 1954 "depression" than they were in the 1929 "boom." So far the worst anybody has predicted for 1951 is that the rate of expansion may drop or even vanish. That for the first time in ten years the economy may fail to break records. This alone might mean a serious unemployment problem in our growing labor force. But it would still mean that Canadians on the average are about half again as well off as they were 25 years ago.

After totals are corrected for price changes the latest figures show that Canadians' personal expenditures on consumer goods and services are 44 percent higher than in 1929. Per capita disposable income after taxes is up 51 percent. In case the farmers think that city folks have got all of the increased prosperity, net income of farm operators from farm production is up 51.5 percent. And in spite of the increase in what we spend on ourselves, personal savings are up 85 percent.

In 1929 one Canadian in ten owned a car. Last year the proportion had gone up to one in six, this year it is expected to reach one in five.

Even the unemployment rates compare not too badly. Figures are always at least a month behind, and we won't know until July 20 what the figures are for June 20. But if the total (without jobs and seeking work) goes down to 150,000 (a high figure for June nowadays) it will just equal the estimated rate for the summer of 1929—three percent of the labor force.

It's interesting by the way that in 1929 there were no official figures on unemployment. The estimate is based on trade-union reports. In those days, if a man lost his job it was none of the Government's business.

ON PAGES 9 TO 15 of this issue of Maclean's, you can get an idea of what Ottawa looked like in the century past. If the present National Capital Plan is carried out, and all indications are that it will be, there may be a contrast almost equally sharp between the Ottawa of today and the Ottawa of only 20 years hence, or perhaps even sooner.

Not all Canadians realize how much face lifting their capital needs. It's commonplace to say Ottawa's a beautiful city and if you drive a visitor around quickly skillfully and not too thoroughly you can send him away thinking Ottawa wants little or no improvement. The beautiful natural site which neither bureaucrats nor lumber barons quite obliterated, the noble skyline of Parliament Hill, the driveway system begun in 1893 and the lawns and gardens that border it all these are indeed lovely.

But around these things and between them are patches which are not lovely. No fewer than five sets of railway

Continued on page 50

At Last! An ANTIDOTE for

POISON IVY OAK · SUMAC



Amazing New Type Zirconium* Formula Instantly Stops Itching And Spreading



Poison Sap Penetrates Skin
Urushiol, the agent in Poison Ivy, Oak, Sumac which causes your suffering. Stays active even on shoes, tools—can cause bad rash months later. Until now nothing has been truly effective against it.

New Zotox Neutralizes Poison
Zotox with Zirconium is a new kind of formula—medically proven. Zotox instantly neutralizes Urushiol poison—stops itch—keeps rash from spreading. Easy! Safe, safe non-irritating.

Read These Facts—Don't Suffer Needlessly!

5 Years of Medical Research Now Bring You a Clinically Proven Antidote For Ivy, Oak, Sumac Poison. Zotox with Zirconium* Proved Safe, Effective. Greaseless, Stainless and Odorless.

If you've tried so-called "Dry Up" remedies hoping to stop agonizing itch and spreading rash of Poison Ivy, Oak, Sumac—forget them! Unless you stop Urushiol, the trouble making poison from these plants—as new Zotox does—you waste time and money.

Zotox, with Zirconium, amazing new poison neutralizer you've read about, is the result of five years medical research. Clinically tested, proved safe, effective and non-irritating.

Zotox gets right to the root of the trouble the moment you rub it on. Instantly you feel its soothing, penetrating coolness—a tingling sensation as Zotox "sponges up" trouble making poison and destroys its power. Fiery, burning itch subsides. Redness starts to fade—soon ugly rash and blisters dry up, disappear.

Don't risk a serious ugly rash that may leave permanent scars! Discover for yourself—as thousands of others have—the amazing instant relief that Zotox gives.

Use Zotox to Prevent Infection!

And for sure safe protection against Poison Ivy, Oak or Sumac just rub greaseless stainless Zotox on hands, ankles—all exposed skin—before you work in the garden or tramp in fields or woods. Zotox destroys Urushiol's power "sponges up" the poison before it can hurt you—prevents rash from starting.

* * *

Get Zotox today! Keep it handy—always ready to save you needless suffering. Only $2.25 for relief and protection, worth $20.

It's Never Too Late For

ZOTOX

Approved by Good Housekeeping

Ask Your Doctor • At All Good Drug Stores





They don't wear scarlet coats

or ride horses or stand six feet tall

or always get their man . . .

. . . but the story of these quiet men

with brief cases is more dramatic

than even Hollywood suggests

Look what they've done to the Mounties

Beginning a gripping new series by ALAN PHILLIPS

AS DERWENT CONNISTON lay dying in the frozen Arctic wasteland, the words of Hurly, steely eyed Inspector McDowell echoed in his mind. "Don't come back until you get your man, dead or alive!"

This solemn bit of repartee is from James Oliver Curwood's best selling novel The River's End. It has been duplicated in many thousands of times in fiction that there's scarcely a red-blooded boy from Bristol to Bangkok who doesn't recognize Gel your man!" as the slogan of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the most glamorous police force in history.

Hollywood has arrayed such high-priced help as Gary Cooper and Alan Ladd in the famous crimson tunic and gold striped blue breeches. Every day the U. S. comic book press exports to a dozen countries around the globe the adventures of such stalwarts as King of the Royal Mounted, Renfrew of the Royal Mounted and Sergeant Preston of the Yukon. In Ottawa, as this is written, a U. S. camera crew is filming a series of television color shorts based on the files of the RCMP.

Whether these indestructible heroes emerge from a motion picture projector, a printing press or a television tube, they're all cut from the same red cloth. At the drop of a clue, the Mounties' leaps on his horse or hitches up his huskies and hits the trail. In his scarlet coat he battles bare-handed a ferocious pack of wolves. He fights his way through a mountain pass in a blinding snow storm with only his bay scout hat for protection. Singlehanded he tracks down gangs of desperate killers, rustlers, fur poachers and hijackers.

As a result, the whole world knows the Mountie. He's a bachelor, handsome young and at least six feet tall. He's fair and square, he never shoots unless the bad guys shoot first. He's the clean cut protector of the young, the aged, the innocent and all beautiful damsels in distress. As a lover, it's true he's a bit on the backward side (partly modesty and partly all those rules and regulations), but in a pinch he can yodel like Nelson Eddy and cause case hardened charmers like Paulette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour to behave like bobby soxers.

The force has such a reputation that when a Mounted Policeman from the Grenfell, Que., detachment called to arrest a man for smuggling tobacco, the man's wife, relying on the vaunted RCMP chivalry, pretended to faint in the Mountie's arms to give her husband a chance to make his getaway. The Mountie disappointingly seized the man in a police grip and let the woman fall in a flower bed. She emerged muddy and wrathful, profanely daring the Mountie to combat, from which he abstained.

Such setbacks to the legend are seldom reported. One Irish lad from Dunmanway, Cork, had such implicit faith in the RCMP that he sent off a letter addressed to "Santa Claus, c/o The Mounties, Regina, Canada." The commissioner's office jokingly sent the boy a reply and signed it "Santa."

Even in Canada the Mountie remains a hero. During the Royal Tour, Bert Marsh of the United Press came into the Charlottetown Hotel and spotted a small boy sulking in the lobby, embarrassed but obviously determined.

"Waiting for the Princess, son?" said Marsh.

Continued on next page

Test your powers of observation

Study this page for 60 seconds. Then turn to page 60 and see how well you can do in the License Plate Quiz.

What do they all have in common?

Just this. Across Canada and in 48 states there are 38,000 Atlas dealers ready to honor without delay the famous Guarantee on Atlas tires and batteries. Each one can supply you with any performance proved Atlas product you need. So wherever you drive this summer, drive with your mind at ease — knowing you have dependable Atlas products fully guaranteed by Imperial Oil Limited.



EVERYWHERE IN CANADA Esso ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE

Real Mounties Never See These Mounties

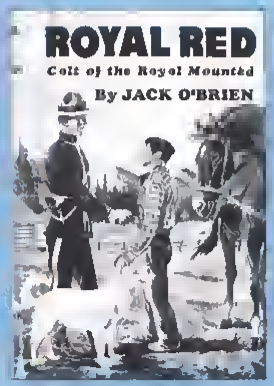


MOVIES: Nelson Eddy — led in a dickty fashion and sang almost continuously in the guise of a Mountie when he paraded elegantly across the Rockies after the warbling Jeanette MacDonald.

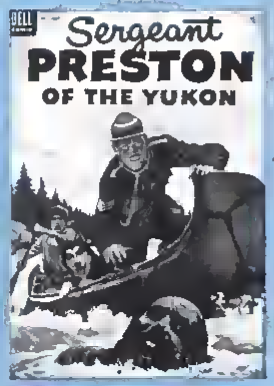
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — Reprinted by permission of King Features Syndicate and Stephen Slesinger, Inc.



COMIC STRIPS: Sergeant King with his wavy hair and granite face has portrayed last-minute rescues in widely syndicated newspaper strips. Unlike the real cops, he always gets his man.



BOOKS: The Mountie's faithful horse has inspired as many youngsters as his red coat.



COMIC BOOKS: Sergeant Preston with dog King is a dauntless hero from Atlantic to Arctic.

"Naw. I've seen her."

"The Duke?"

"Naw. Seen him too."

Marsh's curiosity was now aroused. "Anything I can do?" he asked.

Out it came. "I want to meet a Mountie." He did, thanks to Marsh.

The Charlottetown lad's ambition is shared by women all over the world. In England, one Brenda Wills wrote to her local paper, "Dear Editor, I wonder if you would be so kind as to print my request. I would like to marry a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman." From Boston, four girls wrote to the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, they were planning a trip to Antigonish and would like to have four Mounties, "one for each of us."

The Mounties rival Niagara Falls as Canada's premier tourist attraction and in reluctant deference to this fact the RCMP has its men patrol Ottawa's Parliament Hill and the station platforms at Jasper and Banff at train-time, clad in their hot, heavy, red-serge dress uniforms. One Ottawa constable was photographed 800 times in one day last year. At the last San Francisco World's Fair, one of the most popular exhibits was "a real live Mountie." He stood stiffly at attention outside the Canadian pavilion flushed and perspiring while bevies of admiring girls enveloped him in giggles, had their pictures snapped beside him and plied him with highly personal questions. "How old are you?" "Are you married?" "How many men have you killed?"

Tracking Down Rabbits

Because of the deeds attributed to them in fiction, movies and comic books, Mounties are often asked how many men they have killed. Their replies are disappointing to those who associate blazing six-shooters with scarlet tunics, for remarkably few Mounties have killed anybody. Most of their duties are pretty prosaic. In Ottawa, for example, the daily routine of Constable Edward Brethour is to examine fire extinguishers and elevator shafts in government buildings and to see that waste paper is disposed of in a way that won't cause fire hazards. In Vancouver, a constable trudges from house to house checking naturalization papers. In an Alberta detachment a Mountie sits at his desk and writes out a report on the increase in rabbits. None of these men has killed anyone yet, and it's doubtful if anyone will kill them.

Supt. Edward Brakefield Moore, a former member of the New Brunswick bar, now in charge of RCMP training, says his figures on deaths in Canada show more chance of a civilian dying a violent death than a Mountie. "The RCMP is the safest group in the country to be in," he says.

Since the 81-year-old force began, only 89 men have died on duty, far more by drowning than by gunfire. In fact, the last time a Mountie was killed in action (Constable Alexander Gammon on May 25, 1950) he wasn't even on duty. He was walking home for lunch after a forenoon hitch as a Bank of Canada guard in Montreal. As he walked by a branch of the Bank of Toronto the door burst open and a man with a gun in his hand came rushing out. Gammon seized him; they grappled; the man fired three shots and left Gammon dying on the pavement. The killer, Thomas Rossler, was picked up months later in Montana. He died on the scaffold in Montreal. While Rossler was hanged for murdering a Mountie, Mounties *aren't* supermen and they don't "always get their man."

That isn't their motto and never was. No Mountie rides a horse in the line of duty any more, unless he's assigned to the famous Musical Ride. There hasn't been a true manhunt in the north since 1932, when Albert Johnson, "the Mad Trapper of Rat River," was tracked down and killed, and that wasn't a lone Mountie chasing a dozen badmen, but a lone badman chased by a Mountie-led posse of eleven. The truth seems to be that although the Mounties wear the best-known uniform in the world and are the world's best-known police force, most

Continued on page 53

As Canada's capital approaches its hundredth birthday, Maclean's presents on this July 1 a special portfolio of rare photographs showing

OTTAWA as it used to be



THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE is both historic and symbolic. It was taken in 1851 in Bytown, Upper Canada, two years before that lusty, brawling town became the City of Ottawa, seven years before Ottawa was chosen capital of the Province of Canada, fourteen years before Confederation.

The unknown photographer, using a primitive camera and photographic processes, took a picture which was to become a treasure of the Public Archives of Canada. It shows the spit where the Rideau River plunges into the Ottawa. It is a scene scarcely recognizable today, with the falls bridged and hemmed in by buildings including the official home of Canada's prime ministers nearby. But this location is literally Ottawa's birthplace.

After the War of 1812, the British Government decided that the St. Lawrence route to Upper Canada was unsafe. A route via the Ottawa, the Rideau and the Cataraqui to Kingston would be safe. Col. John By was assigned with a crew of Royal Engineers and hundreds of civilian workers to bypass the falls with a canal. Where they landed, there Ottawa was born.

Ottawa's second career, the lumber industry, was also the bounty of the rivers which run through forty million acres of the world's richest timberlands. Ottawa's third and now its biggest industry, politics and public payrolls, came while canal and timber still flourished. The early history of the capital and its three careers is told in words and pictures on the following six pages. Text is based on a hitherto unpublished manuscript, They Called It Bytown, by H. Reginald Hardy.



END OF A FABULOUS ERA was marked by this ch last c t l giant squared logs in front past Parliament Hill The scene was 1899 The Ottawa rafts were literally floating villages—note the bunkhouses and cookhouse lungs built right on the raft Rivermen were chiefly Irish French Canadians and Glengarry Scots



TIMBER BARON J R Booth 83 here started with an axe never stopped working died a multimillionaire



COOKHOUSE AMIDSHIPS was the social centre of Booth s numberless timber rafts, on which rivermen lived for several weeks on the long voyage down the Ottawa River and the St Lawrence to tidewater at Quebec City

The Vanished Glory of the Rivermen

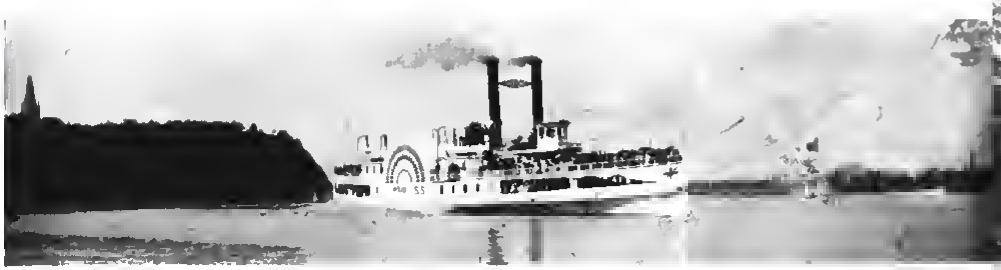
ONE WAR GAVE BIRTH to Ottawa another brought wealth and growth Britain blockaded from Europe by Napoleon turned to Canada for the timber she desperately needed French Canadians Irishmen and Scots invaded the Ottawa Valley which was then as one early historian put it an unbroken mass of primeval forest in which Bytown lies like a heath cock *

Soon rafts of great squared timbers floated down Bytown s three rivers the Ottawa the Rideau and the Gatineau the first of a seemingly endless tide of wood that was to fill them for nearly a century Ashore the tough lumbermen with their brawling and carousing gave the town the reputation of being the most lawless settlement in Upper Canada There is no God in Bytown ran one pious saying of the day

By mid century the world began to hear about the Lumber Kings of the Ottawa Valley * many of whom had started only with a pike pole but soon were building mansions on the cliffs over the river the McLarens and McLachlins Bronsons, Blacklurns and Edwards, Hurdmans, Frasers and Hughsons

Most fabulous of all was John Rudolphus Booth a farm boy from Shefford County Que who arrived in Bytown in 1852 with nine dollars in his pocket and a sharp axe on his shoulder He lived to 98 worked to the end hated to spend a dollar on himself except for necessities and amassed Canada s greatest lumbering fortune One of his granddaughters married a Scandinavian prince

But by the turn of the century the heyday of the trade was drawing to a close Best indication of the eclipse of Bytown the lumber paradise by Ottawa the political capital was the fate of many of those mansions the McKay castle became Rideau Hall residence of governors general McKay s son in law John McKinnon, built Earnscliffe later Sir John A Macdonald's home and now the British High Commissioner's residence The Currier mansion is now the home of Canada's prime ministers



SIDE WHEEL STEAMERS plied the Ottawa River to Montreal and the Rideau Canal to Kingston and Toronto in such numbers that the capital became one of Canada s largest inland ports in the second half of the nineteenth century Here the majestic Empress leaves Queen s Wharf Ottawa for Grenville Que in summer 1900

RIVER S IMPORTANCE to early Ottawa is graphically shown in this 1864 photo of crowded mills and workers homes taken from Parliament Hill In 1900 the area was wiped out in a disastrous fire which cut a three-mile swath swept three thousand buildings made 18 000 homeless damaged $10 million worth of property





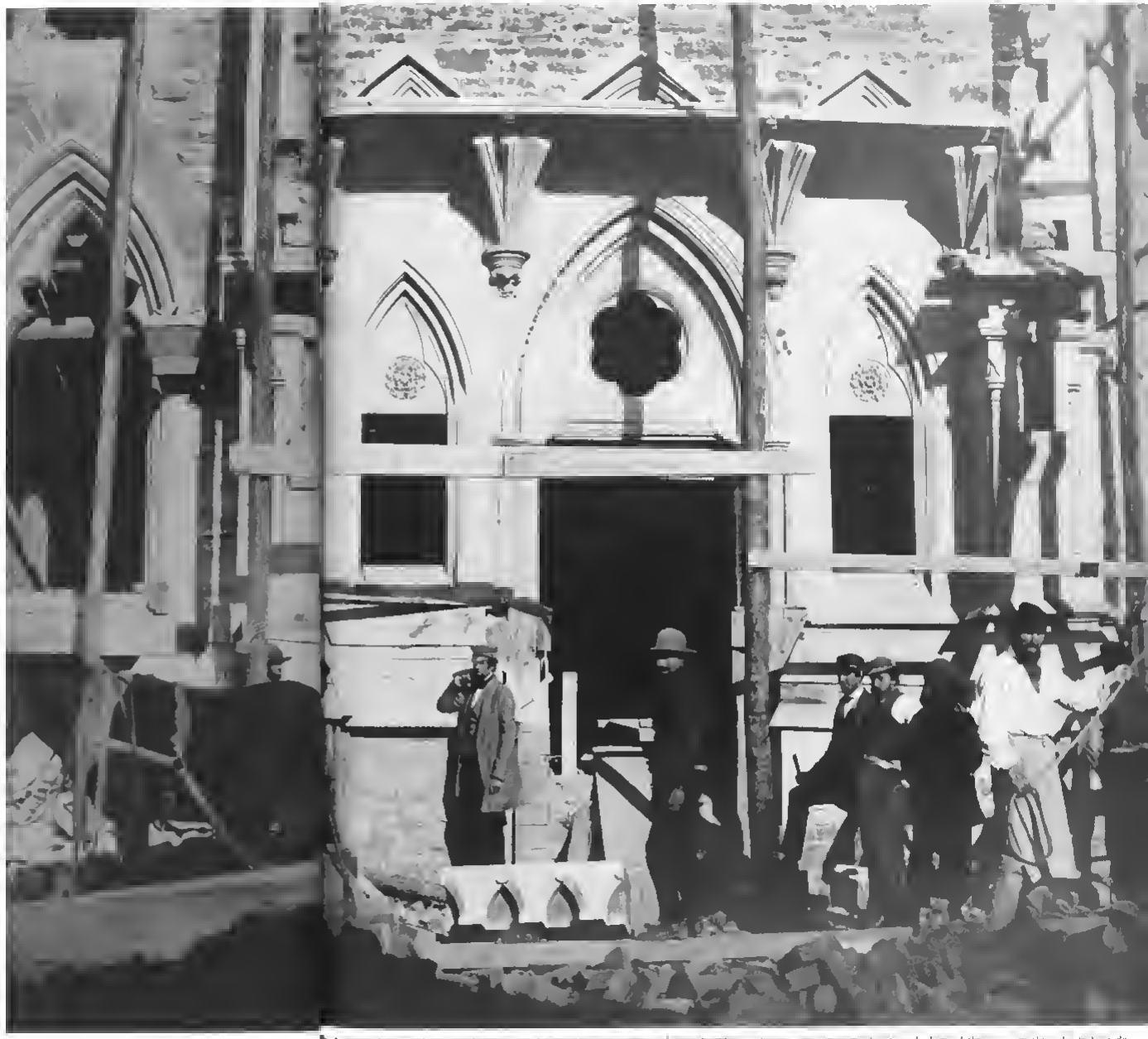
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS shown nearing completion in 1864 were still surrounded by make-shift shacks. Col. By's first barracks were razed to clear the hilltop site. Cream sandstone from nearby Nepean Township was used in new building, with Ohio Bay stone for trim.

The Building of Parliament Hill

MOST CANADIANS remember learning in school that Queen Victoria chose Ottawa as Canada's capital. That bald fact scarcely does justice to the struggle that preceded the laying of the cornerstone of the Parliament Building by the young Prince of Wales in 1860. Montreal, Quebec City, Toronto, Hamilton and Kingston all coveted the honor and ridiculed Ottawa's claim by calling it a "backwoods village" and "the nearest populated place in the North Pole." When in 1856 Sir Richard Scott, Ottawa's member in the pre-Confederation legislature, put his city's claim to a vote it lost by 74 to 69; then the Queen was asked to decide. Meanwhile Scott, a resourceful man, invited the Governor General and Lady Head to a hillside picnic one fine summer day. Lady Head, a talented artist, sketched the view of Ottawa and sent it to the Queen. Presently private word was received: the Queen had chosen Ottawa. In 1866 the Parliament Building was completed. The Legislature held its last meeting there, and the following year it became the seat of the Parliament of Canada. In February 1916 the building, which had been considered fireproof, burned to the ground. Several persons, including one MP, lost their lives. Six months later the Duke of Connaught, brother of the prince who had officiated 56 years before, laid the cornerstone of the new Parliament Buildings on exactly the same site.

FIRST VICTORIA DAY, celebrated by the new nation of Canada after Confederation, was marked by a viceregal review and billowing clouds from a *feu de joie*. Forty-eight years later, in the midst of World War I, the building was destroyed by fire and the tower crashed to earth.





VICEREGAL PORTE COCHERE of the East Block gets finishing touches [illegible]



OTTAWA SOCIETY BLOSSOMED [illegible] this [illegible] ball at Rideau Hall in 1876 [illegible] photographic processes of the time could scarcely have "stopped" so many people. Note also different sizes of heads at rear, left of centre, suggesting pasted-up photos.



HORSE CARS were welcomed by mud-slugging pedestrians in Confederation years. This one screeches around corner of Bank and Sparks Streets.

The Days Before the Chateau Laurie



CHATEAU LAURIER, Ottawa's famed hotel, was to rise on the common where twin cannons stood in 1860. Behind Sapper's Bridge which spanned the Rideau locks was the future site of the Union Station. Lumber in foreground was for scaffolding of first Parliament Building. (Compare modern photo of same site on page 46.)

WHEN COL. JOHN BY and his canal builders landed on the site of Ottawa in 1826, there were two buildings in the south-shore region of the river. One was the farmhouse of Nicholas Sparks, Ottawa's "first citizen." The other was a hotel. The town was not long to retain this fifty-fifty ratio of private homes to hostelries, but hotels have always played an important part in the life of the city, from that first ramshackle inn operated by two squatters, Andrew Berry and Isaac Firth, to the present imposing Chateau Laurier, which is as much an institution, a social centre and an unofficial extension of the Parliament Buildings as it is a hotel.

From the time when Col. By's Irish laborers crowded several to a room at a few pence a night, in the Berry and Firth hotel, to the day when the future Queen Elizabeth and her consort occupied the Chateau's royal suite, Ottawa's fate has been to cater to visitors who were transient or at least temporary or of uncertain tenure. At Confederation the influx of members of parliament and civil servants bewildered native Ottawans. But they had campaigned to have their city made the capital, and they set about with good grace to make the newcomers feel at home.

But the old residents were in for a shock. The high hatted, silk-gaitered *Continued on page 46*



MAP OF OTTAWA area gives perspective to points shown in the rare old photographs on these pages.



SPARKS STREET in 1885 was one long snowbank taller than a hitching post—as late as April 5. In early times the city reduced contracted for gas street lamps to be lighted only on those nights when the moon was dark.

ELEGANCE RAN RIOT in the mansions of Ottawa's early millionaires furnished with imported period pieces. This is the main drawing room of Sir Clifford Sifton's home, as it appeared at the close of the Victorian era.



Canada's First Big Businessman



Sent to New France by the ambitious Louis XIV, Intendant Jean Talon started Canada's first housing developments, built a shipyard, a brewery and a hemp industry and broke the power of the lordly Company of the West

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD — PART EIGHT — BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN

THE OFFICE of Intendant was an important cog in the Grand Plan for New France, that ambitious dream which had lighted such a fire of enthusiasm behind the eyes of Louis XIV and which had been inaugurated so successfully by the humbling of the Iroquois in 1666. Whatever the fate of the plan itself, the King's faith in his first Intendant, the great Jean Talon, was more than justified by events.

Today Talon would be called a civil servant. In his own time he might have been called Canada's first big businessman. For Talon, unlike the other figures who bulk heroically in the early years of our country, was not a soldier, a missionary or an explorer. He did none of the spectacular things which remain on the pages of history while services of much greater importance are dismissed with a paragraph. He was, instead, an administrator, a man of far vision who realized that the mere act of sending settlers out to New France would not bring growth and prosperity to the colony. It was Talon's great contribution that he saw the need of making the colony a small replica of the mother country, a place where employment could be found and opportunities for small businesses. There had to be prosperous little shops and small but busy factories and inns where the food was good. Talon provided the colony with what it had always lacked—a solid background of sound money and honest barter, where a man and his wife could strive together for a secure future.

The need for these things had become urgent almost overnight. In 1664, Louis' chief adviser in France, the able Colbert, had inaugurated a new policy by creating a Company of the West which was to have control of all French dominions beyond the seas—New France, West Africa, South America or the parts of it which Spain had not pre-empted, Cayenne, the Antilles.

Colbert was filled with visions of a huge trade empire such as the world had never seen before. It became necessary almost at once, however, to adjust the vision so far as New France was concerned. The new company showed immediate signs of operating in the old ways which had been so disastrous. The directors wanted to collect all the revenue and forget the obligations. A compromise was soon made so far as Canada was concerned: the company would pay the cost of administration, with no control over the conduct of the main officers, and find reimbursement out of taxes levied on beaver skins, *le droit du quart*, and on moose skins, *le droit du dixième*.

The sums expended each year in the direction and control of the colony amounted to something just under 50,000 livres. To carry the cost of the Grand Plan the King had created what was called an Extraordinary Fund, the income on which was to prove quite as extraordinary as the fund itself. In the year 1665 alone the sum of 358,000 livres had been expended. This, of course, had been the year of greatest effort which had seen the arrival of the Carignan regiment and of a thousand other people. This would never have to be repeated (or so it was hoped), but the carrying out of the royal designs would continue to cost the ambitious monarch staggering sums year after year.

An operation of this scale demanded careful supervision at both ends of the horn of plenty. No longer could the control of the colony be left to the proud and generally futile aristocrats who had been serving as governors, nor to zealous churchmen whose concern was the saving of souls. France now had in Colbert a remarkable administrator. New France must have the same and so the post of Intendant was created. The first man selected for the office was one Sieur Robert, about whom nothing much is known save that for some reason he never assumed the duties of his office. Colbert looked about him for a replacement and he recognized in the brilliant controller of Hainault a kindred spirit. He dismissed all other possibilities from his mind; Talon, obviously, was the man.

Jean Talon was born at Châlons-sur-Marne about the year 1625 and as a young man secured employment in the commissariat of the French Army. His ability was so remarkable that he soared rapidly in the service and soon became chief commissary under the great Turenne. In less than a year he was made controller of the province of Hainault, a post of major importance.

His looks, if he can be judged by the one portrait which is granted authenticity, belied his character. He is shown as a stocky man, with a full and rather round face peering out with amiability from the background of an elaborately curled wig, a hooked nose, lips which curled up at the corners with a promise of joviality (which on occasions proved highly misleading), a pleasant enough eye under an arched brow. There was more than a hint of the dandy in him. He might have been a minor aristocrat, the owner of a small estate in the provinces, an opulent attorney. There was nothing of the ruffler about him: he wore a sword, of course, but it did not clank against his plump calves as though conscious of pride and privilege.

Talon was a fair imitation of the resourceful Colbert—cool, able, hard working and blessed with that greatest of gifts which is known as sound judgment. He was absolutely honest and fearless and he had a sense of the future which the soldier governors of New France had lacked. His coming was to prove the turning of an important leaf in the history of New France.

Talon's first activities were in connection with the need for a steady increase in the population. He was full of schemes, some of them as bold as anything which had ever entered the soaring brain of Richelieu. He conceived a plan to have the holdings of the Dutch, which had been taken over by the British, transferred to France instead. It was a decidedly Machiavellian idea, which he outlined in letters to Colbert. When the time came for the three nations to make permanent peace settlements France should insist on the return of the New Netherland colonies to Holland. In the meantime a secret understanding would be reached with the Dutch government by which the colonies would then be ceded to France. Once this had been accomplished, the Intendant pointed out in his communications with Colbert on the subject, the English would be hopelessly hemmed in and France would have a stranglehold on the Atlantic seaboard. As a corollary of this devious plan, he suggested that five hundred settlers be sent out each year without fail, an addition which would soon assure Canada of a thriving population.

Colbert reached the conclusion that this appointee of his was going a little too fast. He cautioned the new Intendant not to expect too much, to be content with less ambitious strides. Sending out five hundred settlers a year would in time "unpeople France." Colbert, it may be taken for granted, was too shrewd to believe anything as untenable as this. Obviously he was using the argument as a means of meeting the importunings of the overbrisk Talon.

Failure in this direction did not quench the enthusiasm of the Intendant. He began to work out plans himself, the

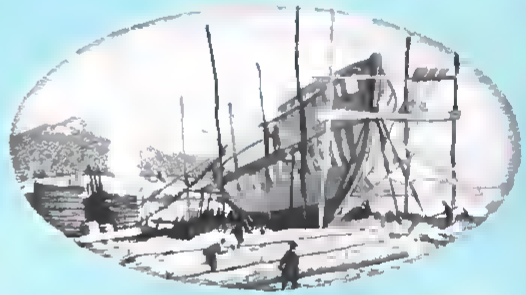
Continued on page 46

Illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle

What Jean Talon Did For New France



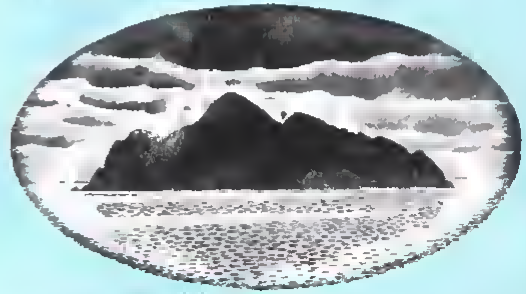
Quebec was jammed to the eaves when Talon came. He started three new suburbs.



He created shipyards and the first trading ship was built at his own expense.



His St. Charles brewery (opened 1668) had a capacity of 4,000 hogsheads a year.



The "haunted isle" of Michipicoten, rich in copper, was investigated by Talon.

The Place Th Gas Will Come From

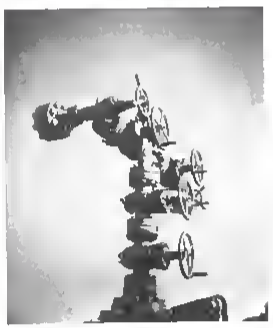


Pincher Creek's main street. Any minute, you'd think the rustlers will come a whoopin' through town



There's now more gas and oil pipe than people. Town poet Adam Frackburn inspects it.

BY ROBERT COLLINS Photos by Paul Rockett



Dreams of what might have been will come tru
for the little Alberta town of Pincher Creek whe
a new pipeline starts feeding the east wit
natural gas from Pincher's near-bottomless pi

FOR 72 frustrated years the cowtown of Pincher Creek, sixty miles southwest of Lethbridge in Alberta, has been unceremoniously kicked around by fate.

Like a thousand other crossroads in the west, Pincher was founded with visions of greatness. Like most of them, its hopes fizzled out and it resigned itself to a humdrum existence as an insignificant dot on the map.

Now, suddenly, everything Pincher used to dream about is coming true. At its feet lies the largest single source of natural gas for eastern Canada. When the Trans Canada pipeline is completed in a year or two, this town will be known from the Crowsnest Pass to Montreal as "the place the gas comes from." But Pincher Creek, the cowtown that has always wanted to be famous, can't even get excited.

In view of past experience, Pincher's restraint is understandable. Seldom has a town seen so many of its best-laid plans go sour. When its site was laid in 1882, in a deep ravine along the banks of Pincher Creek, pioneer traffic poured into southern Alberta toward the Crowsnest Pass. People prophesied that Pincher would be bigger than Calgary, which was then a shack town. Then settlement veered north and Calgary grew to 150,000. Pincher Creek has just reached 1,630. To aggravate matters, the CPR completed its Crowsnest line in 1898 and missed Pincher Creek by two and one-quarter miles. The town has never recovered from the slight.

"That was nearly sixty years ago, but we still wonder why they didn't build the railroad a little closer to town," says Clarence Bundy, CPR agent at Pincher Station, which consists of railway buildings, stockyards and a filling station. Some people say the town fathers quarrelled with the CPR. But I suspect that there was an ornery engineer on that run and he refused to go anywhere near the ravine."

The railway arrangement occasionally baffles strangers who get off the train at Pincher Station and can't find Pincher Creek. Once it caused the post office to call out the army. That was the winter the road was snow-bound and postmaster J. D. Fraser had to haul mail for a few days with a tank from the local armories. Mostly, the absence of a railway just wounds Pincher's pride.

When No. 3 Highway was paved through the Crowsnest Pass parallel to the railroad, Pincher suffered another blow since the road carries tourists right past the town. Pincher Creek is on an airline route but the planes don't land there; the nearest TCA stop is Lethbridge, sixty miles away.

To ease its frustration, Pincher drew its own map of southwestern Alberta. The map, an arresting spectacle 12 feet high and 15 feet long in full color, is sketched on the west wall of the Marshall Wells hardware store, just off the main street. It shows the district not as it is but as it might be or should have been. On it Pincher Creek, represented by an enormous red bull's-eye, is credited with 2,000 people. A TCA emergency landing strip north of town is called an "airport." No. 3 Highway is labeled the "Trans Canada Highway," ignoring the fact that the true Trans-Canada route goes west via Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff and Kamloops, B.C., completely skirting Pincher Creek.

The map also pictures gushing oil and gas wells 18 miles south of the town. This too, in a partly Pincher Creek fashion, hints at a nearest to all to the truth. The wells are not yet gushing but they stand over the greatest single wet gas field in Canada. "Wet" gas is a compound of dry natural gas as used for cooking and heating and one or more byproducts. Pincher's wet gas field is a half billion dollar mixture of natural gas, sulphur, light crude oil, propane, butane and gasoline. When natural gas is piped east from Alberta, much of it will come from this field.

The gas strike is the most fascinating tale in Pincher's history. The district experienced a minor oil boom in 1901 after *Continued on page 61*



A map 12 feet high on the side of a store shows Alberta the way Pincher sees it. On it the town looks enormous.



Mayor Boston Zeeteman, a chess brother Norman Edge and ex-mayor Henry Hammond are cautious about gas boom.



Bert Riggall, guide and big-game hunter for 50 years, has a cottage cluttered with guns, books and trophies.



Andrew Foote, who's 83, on the King Edward Hotel's veranda. From here he keeps an eye on all the buses.

Catherine and the Winter Wheat

What Father did that long-ago July afternoon at the mill taught us something that we'll never forget

BY P. B. HUGHES



Father made his decision. As we rode home on the wagon into the setting sun I knew that Catherine's face was wet from tears.

THIS IS THE winter wheat that is being hauled along the concession roads in late July or early August in southern Ontario, the winter wheat the fall wheat—have it how you will. It is sown in September, about the time of the equinox, when the wind blows northwesterly or nord to across Star-of-the-Sea, and the heavy rain has not come. It stands through the winter, withering under the snow like common grass, blazing emerald in spring and by early June it is breast high, fading in color and heading up, as the farmers say, looking to their binders against July when the field will be yellow gold and heavy with grain.

This is the Corn of the Old Testament, rich stuff revered by men through history, substance "sneered above all other things on earth," as I read in a cookbook a while ago, written by an Irishwoman. Yet it is not for bread the winter wheat is milled, but for cake and pastry flours principally, and macaroni, and no doubt other things. The reason I do not know. My mother used to say the dough had not the elasticity of that made with flour from the hard spring-sown wheat of the west, and I suppose a technical explanation could be found easily enough for everything about everything is known, except a few things, like what happens in those last days of September when the wheat has been seeded in the fallowed soil and the tiny green blades spring up from each kernel's heart to the light.

Wheat is not generally a principal means of livelihood in Ontario. With us, long ago, it was a crop of one year in the rotation of a field. From grass to wheat was our way, from wheat to spring grain seeded down with grasses for hay and pasture, in which the field would lie for several years. I do not think we seeded alfalfa then, but we had most of the other clovers and brome and orchard. I guess, and timothy, of course, was our mainstay. That which was fed to cattle was the staff of our existence. I doubt if it has changed. The spring grain was oats for the most part, or oats and barley mixed; and it too was for feed. Thus the wheat had a particular importance. The miller bought it for money. It was our sole cash crop, and the brief season when we hauled wheat to the mill was always associated with new clothes and toys and coins in our pockets when my sisters and I were children.

One year before the war we carried our wheat, as we always did, to the mill at Streetsville on the Credit. I was in my first teens. Before the war, the 1914 war, long ago now. I rode on the sacks, sitting beside my sister Catherine who was sixteen then, or nearly, while my father drove the team and Emily, the eldest of us, seventeen, sat beside him and spelled him with the reins. That way the trip took hours, though you'd cover it in a few minutes today in a car. But the sun was bright and the day fresh and beautiful after all the rain and humid heat of the summer, and I talked away to Catherine and thought of the delight to come, of lying under the trees at the miller's while we waited our turn to unload and my father chatted with the men and smoked his pipe, and the greatest delight of all, when the wagon was empty and my father would give us money and tell us to get about our shopping. Catherine paid no attention to what I said. Dark and stormy

Continued on page 38



ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON



A lanky man with hollow cheeks, Sam sold dubious wooden clocks.



Creator Judge Haliburton invented Sam to rib Bluenoses. Then the character became world famous.

Sam Slick Slept Here

It's a hundred years since Judge Thomas Haliburton invented Sam Slick and wrote about him in sleepy little Windsor, N.S. But 20,000 tourists a year still flock to see the place where the sly and rebellious Sam first used such phrases as "quick as a wink," "upper crust" and "raining cats and dogs"

By David MacDonald



Tourists troop through this spruced-up gabled white home, now a museum, where Haliburton wrote



Florence Anslow, in her seventies, is the curator

IN TOURIST-CONSCIOUS Nova Scotia, which derives a heavy share of its income from the sale of scenery and history, a drowsy little town called Windsor, forty miles from Halifax, does a good business in both. Its chief assets are a crazy-mixed-up river, a checkered past and the birthplace of a man who never existed.

Windsor (pop. 3,500) lies beside the Avon River, as its muddy red way through the Land of Evangeline to the Bay of Fundy. The Avon is wacky as it is wide, lures many of Windsor's estimated 30,000 summer visitors by the novel expedient of shrinking from a broad navigable stream to a narrow trickle twice a day.

But while this scenic freak, caused by Fundy's tremendous tides, can be matched at other spots along the Fundy shore, Windsor's history stands alone. It's the place where the Acadians lived and where their expulsion, the world's most celebrated eviction, was planned and carried out in 1755. Now an ordinary and slightly shabby-looking small town, Windsor was once the most aristocratic centre in British North America, a haughty and elegant community of rank and wealth where it was a crime to swear or miss church.

Canada's first college, King's, opened in Windsor and it's the site of the oldest fall fair on the continent. Once a storm that was actually predicted a year in advance stirred up the Avon and flooded Windsor. And later, for lack of water, half the town burned down.

But none of this means as much to Windsor today as the fact that Sam Slick slept here. A century ago this mythical Yankee clockmaker from Slickville, Onion County, Conn., was a world figure, more famous than even the fun-loving writer who created him, Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton of Windsor.

A lanky man with hollow cheeks, twinkling black eyes, a bagful of jokes and tall tales, Sam rode about on Old Clay—"half horse, half alligator, with a cross of earthquake"—foisting off dubious wooden timepieces and spouting wise saws in a slangy nasal twang. He added to the English language such familiar phrases as "upper-crust," "seeing is believing," "stick-in-the-mud," "as quick as a wink," "a miss is as good as a mile," "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," "raining cats and dogs," "conniption fit," "six of one and half a dozen of another," and "the early bird gets the worm."

Originally invented by Haliburton as a means of ribbing his fellow Bluenoses in a small Halifax newspaper, Sam Slick graduated into books and became a critic of all Anglo-Saxon peoples: their politics, shams and foibles. He was a shocking, if witty, character. He was a boaster and a liar. He drank, belched and flirted and poked fun at everything from Windsor's snobbish society to the British monarchy. He gypped people etc with his fingers and wherever he traveled left a trail of epigrams and tobacco juice.

But the world loved him. Sam Slick books, reprinted in a dozen languages, were read in Mayfair salons and backwoods shanties in Virginia. Clocks, ships and babies were named for Sam and he came to be regarded, for all his uncouth slang, as an oracle. Once, in 1847, the governor of the West Indian island of St. Thomas was faced with a knotty problem. "We shall adjourn," he told his council, "till I see what Sam Slick has to say about this."

American humorist Artemus Ward called Haliburton "the father of American humor," a tribute that does not rest well with Ben Franklin's relatives. He was, at least, the first North American writer to win such wide international acclaim. No Canadian has since neared it. An anthology of the six Sam Slick books still sells steadily in Canada and the United States. In 1937 Harry Reid, a Windsor photographer with a gift for multiple oratory, went on the CBC's Maritime network with what was meant to be a brief series of Slick stories, in which he played all the roles. A year later the program was still running on nation-wide hookups in Canada and the U.S.—drawing such comments as "wise and witty" and "better than Benny."

Today Sam Slick accounts for nearly two thirds of Windsor's tourist business. In summer almost 20,000 visitors, mostly Americans, troop through Clifton, the gabled white mansion where Judge Haliburton wrote his books. Run by the Nova Scotia government as the Haliburton Memorial Museum, it's more popularly known as "Sam Slick's house."

This mildly disturbs the museum's curator, Miss Florence Anslow, a small spry septuagenarian. "People seem to be more interested in Sam Slick than the judge," she said recently. "After all, he wasn't even real!" She has had cause, at times, to wonder. Once a visitor at Clifton told her earnestly that he was a direct descendant of Sam. Name turned out to be Slick—from Connecticut. Several times letters have come to the Halifax post office for "Mrs. Sam Slick, Nova Scotia." They have gone, without delay, to Miss Anslow.

Windsor doesn't push its association with Sam to the extreme. Recently haberdasher Clarance Roach observed, "If this was a Yankee town, we'd likely all dress up like Slick, talk through our noses—and gyp the tourists."

This has happened. Years ago Bob Redden, a local character who lived in a riverside shack, was sitting around admiring the Avon, then at high level and a quarter of a mile wide. An American sight-seer came by and they got talking. "What do you do for a living?" the tourist asked.

Larceny gripped Redden's soul. "I sell this here river water."

"What for?"

"For arthritis, rheumatism and a dollar a gallon." The tourist impressed, bought two gallons. A year later he was back. "That water you sold me—"

Bob nodded, wary.

"Great stuff! Cured my mother's arthritis right off. I want more."

"'Fraid not," Redden replied, pointing to the river. It was a vast sea of mud a quarter-mile wide, with a lazy trickle meandering down the middle. Low tide. "I'm sold right out."

The Tide Stranded 500 Whales

The Bay of Fundy's famous tide rises on average of 28 feet twice each 24 hours. When it's high, salt water pushes into the Avon, making the lower reaches wide and deep. Ocean-going ships can enter and tie up at the river's wharves. At low tide the brine retreats to the sea and the Avon, flowing lazily between slopes of wet glistening red clay, is too narrow and shallow for anything but a rowboat. The ships at the wharves settle down on wooden cribs, where they sit high and dry, waiting to be refloated when the tide comes in again. Twenty years ago 500 whales bumbled into the Avon and were stranded by low tide. They flopped about indignantly, temporarily beached. With high tide they swam out of the Avon, never to return.

Sometimes when the Fundy tide comes in it rushes up the Avon in a foaming yellow sheet, or "bore."

"This is a sight to behold," avers Gordon Crossley, who owns the Avonside Cabins. He often rents his guests out at five a.m. to behold it.

The Avon is bedeviled by more than temperamental tides. Its soft clay bed, the springtime rush of melting ice and snow and the tides themselves combine to shift the river's channel capriciously and often. This maddens pilots who must guide heavy freighters safely to and from Windsor and the nearby ports of Walton and Hantsport. They have been known to traverse the riverbank on foot, to check the roving channel's latest location. The story is told of a pilot who steered a Scandinavian ship up the river one black foggy night, full-till ahead to Windsor. The skipper, his nerves fraying, suggested a slower speed.

"Don't worry," said the pilot. "I know every bar in this river." At this the freighter scraped aground. "There!" he said, unabashed. "There's one of 'em now!"

Continued on page 30



The Avon River at Sam's birthplace astounds the tourists. Twice a day it rises and falls 28 feet.

THESE ARE THE KIND OF QUIPS THAT GAVE SAM HIS REPUTATION

A college education shows a man how devilish little other people know.

A man that has too many irons in the fire is plaguy (very) apt to get some of 'em burnt.

What a pity it is that marryin' spoils courtin'.

There are more fortins got savin' than by makin'.

Women forgive injuries but never forget slights.

To bung up a man's eyes ain't the way to enlighten him.

Who the devil care for a monument that achilly desarves one?

May our government never degenerate into a mob, nor our mobs grow strong enough to become our government.

Poverty is keen enough without sharpenin' its edge by pokin' fun at it.

Concession never stopped agitation since the world was squeezed out of a curd.

The raaly loyal people, like the raaly religious people, don't talk about it everlastin'ly.

You may change constitutions forever but you cannot change man.



Sigmund Samuel, who was born in the year of Canada's Confederation, and the famed portrait of Wolfe he gave to the Canadiana Gallery

A rare portrait of General Wolfe
or a skating scene from century-old Ontario—
it doesn't matter much to Sigmund Samuel because

He Collects Canada

By JAMES BANNERMAN

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

ON THE western edge of Queen's Park in the heart of Toronto is a grey stone building with a steeply sloping slate roof. It is the Royal Ontario Museum's Canadiana Gallery—a place where the past of Canada is on exhibit and where this country and its people, as they were in days gone by, can be seen in rich and vivid detail.

Scholars go there to study the hundreds of old paintings and drawings and prints that record uncountable things in our history—great battles and little skirmishes, the early look of cities and towns that have changed out of all recognition, the way other generations worked at their trades or traveled through forests long since cut down, or sailed ships or built bridges or went on picnics.

Parties of children are taken by their teachers to see what the streets of Quebec were like when Wolfe's soldiers marched into the city in 1759 or Toronto as it appeared from the roof of the jail a hundred years ago. New Canadians arrive in groups in which there's sometimes only one English speaking person to interpret the questions they ask. Although it cost more than a million dollars to make the collection and build the place to house it—a building popularly known as the "archives building"—there's never any charge for admission, and the Canadiana Gallery and everything in it were given to the public by one man.

He is Sigmund Samuel, born in Toronto in 1867, the year of Confederation. For nearly a century he has been collecting relics of his country's history and preserving them for his fellow Canadians. He is devoted to Canada. Yet his devotion is not so blind that he doesn't realize its shortcomings. He says that one of these which he, as a Jew, still encounters is racial and religious prejudice, and that he has felt this all his life. In spite of it, he has given away more than $2 million of the fortune he made as a wholesale metal dealer—to hospitals, libraries, museums and above all by the gift of his wonderful collection of Canadiana. The gallery alone cost him $150,000. He endowed it with another $100,000 for upkeep. The collection itself couldn't be bought for a million dollars as it stands today and he's continually adding to it. He recently caught a chill and had to be taken to hospital. A couple of days earlier he'd heard about a new item he wanted which was for sale in England, and sick as he was he insisted in dictating the stream of cables that had to be sent before the deal was closed.

Samuel is still a passionate and single-minded collector. At eighty-six he is middling tall, neither thin nor fat, and chiefly distinguished by an air of calm and somewhat dreamy assurance. He walks slowly, bearing down a little on a cane, and when he isn't much interested in what's going on he looks every day of his great age. When something rouses him, twenty years drop like a coat and his dim old voice fills with strength. Peering over the glasses he wears for reading and ignores when he's talking, his faded blue eyes are suddenly sharp and alert.

He retired from business long ago, but nearly every day he goes to his office at Samuel, Son and Company (it's a sheet-metal business and the "Son" is for the younger of his two boys, who isn't active in the firm now) and does most of his work as a collector from there. He arrives about ten in the morning, chauffeur-driven. The office has pine-paneled walls hung with old Canadian prints. The morning mail on his desk consists of letters and catalogues from art dealers all over the world, together with reports of auction sales, art magazines, and the publications of museums and art galleries. It takes him at least two hours to read and answer the letters, which offer him items dealers think he'd like to have, or are concerned with transactions already in hand.

Samuel has always done most of his collecting as he does now, by correspondence. It would be impossible to keep in touch in any other way with the number of different dealers in different countries who may have things he wants to buy. Old prints and drawings and maps and books with Canadian subjects turn up all over the world. England is his best source, and France runs it a close second because material can still be found there that dates from the time when Canada was a French colony. Dutch dealers get a good deal of Canadiana too and so do dealers in the United States.

Virtually all the important dealers and a good few obscure ones make a point of letting him know when they get something in his line—broadly speaking any print, painting, drawing, map or book that has to do with Canada and isn't dated later than the middle 1860s. If he comes across what looks like a promising lead he writes to the author or the dealer. Before he buys anything he demands a good clear photograph of it that he can study, along with the written description. He makes sure he gets the exact measurements, too, so he can figure out the shipping charges.

After a morning spent in this businesslike pursuit of his hobby, Samuel allows himself about an hour and a half for lunch and generally goes either to the Albany Club or the York Club. The Albany is downtown and has an atmosphere of finance and commerce. The York, uptown and near Toronto University, is a favorite with professors, doctors and lawyers.

When he gets back to the office he finishes his mail, or reads the paper now and again during a little. Around four he has a cup of tea, made strong in the English fashion, and soon after that the chauffeur drives him home to an immense stone house on Forest Hill Road, opposite the playing fields of Toronto's Upper Canada College.

Samuel's younger daughter, Mrs. Florence Willis, has lived there with him since his wife died in 1951 and they have a cook, a maid and a housekeeper. He doesn't often go out in the evenings and he doesn't entertain much but every New Year's Day for the last twenty-five years he has held a big reception for his friends. As very old men do, he has outlived many of the people he knew best but he has plenty of friends who are still only in their sixties and seventies such as Lorne Pierce, chief editor of the Ryerson Press who published Samuel's book on the Canadian phase of the Seven Years' War of 1756-1763. Samuel keeps count of the attendance at his receptions and last New Year's Day he had 125 guests. At most of his parties, because of his advanced age, he sips cold water and nibbles dry biscuits while his guests attack big decanters of port, sherry and brandy and mounds of caviar and other delicacies.

As a rule, he's courteous and agreeable but sometimes he's curiously inconsiderate. He's been known to arrive late for a board meeting, interrupt the person who was speaking when he came in, say what he had to say, and stamp out without a word of apology. If he doesn't approve of anything he can be phenomenally forthright.

At the opening of the New Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto in 1953 he saw that another old gentleman hadn't taken off his hat when God Save the Queen was played. He himself was standing bareheaded at rigid attention, and he reached out with his cane and poked the offender violently in the back. "Take that hat off!" he called, in a roaring whisper. "Show respect!"

Along with hair-trigger readiness to move into action if he thinks it's indicated he has an endless patience that is one of the reasons for his success as a collector. When *Continued on next page*

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

ELEPHANT WALK Elizabeth Taylor is more gorgeous than ever as a loveless wife in Ceylon. The story, though, is fairly dull until the climax — a well staged elephant stampede.

EXECUTIVE SUITE A tough minded idealist (William Holden) and a human cash register (Fredric March) are the chief antagonists in this cold and brilliant drama of Big Business. Despite a touch of glibness in its juggling of human motives, the film is one of the year's finest — and, glory be, is totally free of the usual background music.



Elephants pursue Taylor. Who wouldn't?

GYPSY COLT A warm and pleasant little yarn about an orphan thoroughbred and its farm boss mistress. Especially recommended for children.

THE MAGGIE An American businessman (Paul Douglas) runs into agonizing frustrations aboard a ramshackle Scottish collier. A British comedy, and a good one.

RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 Overcrowding and other savageries in today's penitentiaries are spotlighted in a harsh, intelligent prison drama. It's admirably clear of most of the old jail break clichés.

CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT Polished actors like Basil Rathbone and John Carradine are sadly wasted in this sub-standard Bob Hope farce. The star impersonates an 18th century Italian wolf, with Joan Fontaine in close attendance.

RIVER OF NO RETURN Saloon queen Marilyn Monroe's scenic attractions compete with those of the Canadian Rockies in an otherwise routine western. It's a CinemaScope effort, with Robert Mitchem and Rory Calhoun as hero and villain.

SAADIA Ancient witchcraft versus medical science in modern Morocco, with Rita Gam as a Berber girl who is afraid she has the Evil Eye. It's rather funny in spots, although probably not on purpose.

Gilmour's Guide

Beat the Devil: Faire thriller. Fair
The Beggar's Opera: Musical. Good
Beneath the 12-Mile Reef: CinemaScope action drama. Fair
The Big Heat: Crime drama. Excellent
The Boy From Oklahoma: Comedy. Fair
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent
The Commancheros: Cavalry vs. Injuns in CinemaScope. Good
Decameron Nights: Comedy. Good-
Dangerous Exile: Heroic. Fair
The Eddie Cantor Story: Musical and biography. Fair
Escape From Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs Injuns. Good
Forbidden: Sexy mandrama. Poor
Forever Female: Comedy. Fair
From Here to Eternity: Army romantic drama. Excellent
Glenn Miller Story: Musical. Good
Hell and High Water: Action drama in CinemaScope. Fair
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent
Honda: 3-D western. Good
It Should Happen to You: Manhattan satirical comedy. Excellent
The Juggler: Drama. Excellent
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent
The Kidnappers: Drama. Good
King of the Khyber Rifles: Drama in CinemaScope. Fair
Kiss Me Kate: Musical. Good
Knights of the Round Table: Drama in CinemaScope. Good
The Living Desert: Wildlife. Good
Long Legs Trailer: Comedy. Excellent
Loophole: Crime drama. Good
The Love Lottery: Comedy. Fair
Ma and Pa Kettle At Home: Farm farce. Good of its type
Man Between: Drama. Good
Men in the Attic: Suspense. Good
Miss Sadie Thompson: Drama. Poor
Mogambo: Jungle comedy. Excellent
The Naked Jungle: Adventure. Fair
New Faces: CinemaScope revue. Dull in spots, hilarious in others
Night People: Espionage drama in CinemaScope. Excellent
Pardners: Wet drama. Fair
Personal Affair: Drama. Fair
Red Garters: Western comedy. Fair
Rhapsody: Drama plus music. Fair
Rob Roy: Adventure. Fair
Sabre Jet: Korean war. Fair
Shane: Western. Excellent
The Square Ring: Boxing drama. Good
Top Banana: Burlesque comedy. Good
Trouble in Store: Comedy. Fair
Yankee Pasha: Heroic drama. Fair

he wants a particular painting or drawing or print he may have to wait months or years, keeping an ear open for trade gossip and making discreet enquiries — to find if it's on the market. Just two years ago he got one of his most prized pictures, one of two portraits of Wolfe done by the English painter Joseph Highmore. It shows Wolfe as a weak chinned and rather girlish-looking young officer in a scarlet uniform, and as a historical document it's in a class by itself. Until Wolfe took Quebec in 1759 and died at the moment of victory he wasn't famous enough to interest painters and the portraits by Highmore are among the very few painted in his lifetime.

Samuel first heard it was available when Dr. Norman Fee, the assistant archivist at the Public Archives in Ottawa, wrote him on Dominion Day 1952 to say it had been offered to them by a London dealer. Samuel phoned London and bought the portrait for a hundred pounds less than the five hundred the man wanted. Then England's National Gallery stepped in. Because the portrait was so important historically, they asked the Board of Trade to refuse to grant Samuel a license to take it out of the country. When he learned this he arranged for an appeal to the board. His argument was that Wolfe was more a hero to Canadians than to the English. He'd bought the portrait for the benefit of the Canadian people, to be put on permanent public exhibition in the Canadiana Gallery in Toronto. He submitted that the National Gallery couldn't logically object under those circumstances, and the Board of Trade agreed.

Samuel doesn't always win by logic or even patience and persistence. During the war years when England was on strict food rationing, he used to send some of his friends and acquaintances Christmas cakes from Canada. In 1953, when he was in London for the Coronation, he was trying vainly to get a card of admission to Westminster Abbey for his daughter Florence. He had been sent one for himself, but he wanted her to be with him. At a government office in London that dealt with such matters he put his problem to a girl on the staff whom he'd never seen before. She told him she was afraid there wasn't a hope — and then a thought suddenly struck her.

"Are you by any chance the Sigmund Samuel of Toronto who's been sending my father a Christmas cake every year?"

When she told him her father's name... It turned out that he was indeed on Samuel's list. The girl went away for a moment and came back with a card for the abbey. She handed it to Samuel explaining that a noble lord had been taken ill and couldn't be there. Consequently a seat was now available and Samuel's daughter could have it. The girl added that the cakes had been wonderful.

Samuel has other influential friends in more exalted positions than the grateful girl — some so highly placed he couldn't properly ask them a favor if he wanted to. When Viscount Alexander was governor general of Canada Samuel got to know him quite well. He also knew Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone when the Earl was governor general. They once lunched with him in his Toronto home and after the meal Samuel took Princess Alice to the ballroom on the second floor, and danced gaily with her to the music of a phonograph. Although he was 78 he was as brisk as a cricket. Her Royal Highness was used to houses so immense they had ballrooms but not to partners who were so lively at Samuel's age, and she appeared delighted as she danced.

Another of Samuel's eminent friends is Sir Winston Churchill, through whom he met still another celebrity. Churchill invited him long ago to a dinner at a London club where Samuel was next to a quiet little man whose name he hadn't caught when they were introduced. After dinner the guests began reciting as each as they could remember of Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads. Samuel, an ardent imperialist, could quote louder, longer and more imperially than any of the others. When he finished one stirring recital the quiet little guest beside him said, "You seem to know the ballads very well indeed." Samuel was greatly impressed with this compliment when he found the little man was Kipling.

Samuel takes a disarmingly frank pleasure in his friendships with the great but he's no snob. He feels that anyone who has ever been good to him is a friend for life and he doesn't forget kindnesses. As a boy he was sometimes snubbed by the parents of other boys because he was Jewish, and it was pleasant to be invited by parents who weren't anti-Semitic to play tennis with their children or have supper with the family. Many years later he heard that one such friend no longer well off, had had to go into hospital and was expected to be there for months. Samuel told the hospital he'd pay the man's bills but that the man must never know about it.

He Calls It Appreciation

Gratitude is more than an instinct with him, it's a principle. He explains that he gave his collection and the gallery to the public because he is grateful to this country. I made my money in Canada and I'm a Canadian. A man ought to show his appreciation of he can."

Lewis Samuel, his father, moved to Toronto from Liverpool in 1855 with a brother Mark to start in business at what their advertisements called "commission merchants, importers of metals, lumps and chemicals." Mark soon went back to Liverpool to attend to the English end of the firm's affairs and Lewis stayed in Toronto, where he lived on Shuter Street.

There Sigmund Samuel was born on October 24, 1887 — the only boy of Lewis' six children. He was sent to Upper Canada College when he was nine, but it made so little impression on him he often forgets to mention it when he's talking about his education. After two years he changed to the Model School where the lessons in Canadian history were given by a teacher who knew how to make them come alive. That stirred the interest that eventually led to the gallery in Queen's Park.

He had to leave school before he was 15 because his father was getting old

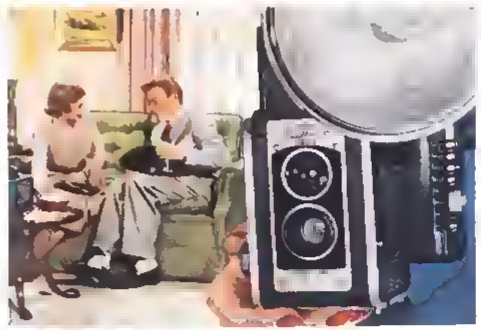
When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service

With today's
KODAK CAMERAS

Snapshots are more fun than ever

You get
① Black-and-white snapshots
② Full-color snapshots
③ Flash snapshots...day and night, indoors and out...anytime, anywhere





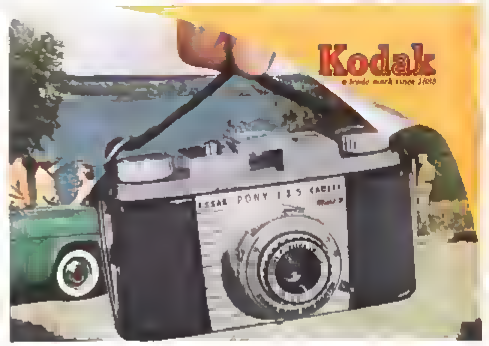
Kodak Duaflex III Camera, Kodet Lens, $17.95
You line up your picture in the big hooded viewfinder — there's your subject big and clear just as the finished snapshot. As easy to use as a Brownie camera. Safety shutter prevents double exposures so you don't take one picture over another. With Kodar f/8 lens $26.75. Flasholder $11.50.

Prices are subject to change without notice.

Many Kodak dealers offer convenient terms

Kodak Film is planned to make picture-taking simple, easy, sure. At the click of a button. For black and white snapshots, look for Kodak Film in the new thrifty Duo-Pak Twin rolls of 8 — one for your camera, one for your spare — in the popular 620, 120 and 127 sizes. Also available in single rolls. For full color snaps use Kodacolor Film — prints in all popular sizes.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario





Kodak Pony 135 Camera, Model B, $41.25
Here's miniature camera with new ease in thumb loading. Its sharp lens gives sparkling black and white prints — and with Kodacolor Film these wonderful little color slides or transparencies are brilliantly lifelike when seen. You can put [illegible]





Brownie Hawkeye Camera, $7.95
In just a few years it has become the world's most popular camera. Reason: Because while it's as simple and sure as you expect a Brownie to be, it gives you daylight snaps *and flash* shots — in black and white or full color. It's the slickest Brownie camera ever. Flasholder $1.40.



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE JULY 1 1954



That'll be a million dollars please

Imperial's shopping bill is more than $1 million a week . . . that's what we spend in Canada just for everyday needs. It doesn't include crude oil, which alone runs to $4½ million a week! Nor does it include wages, salaries or taxes.

What do we buy? Everything . . . from soup (to feed geological parties) . . . to nuts (to fit a few million bolts) derricks, dynamite and diesels and even catalytic cracking units ("cat crackers" they're called) to make those better gasolines.

We buy things from 6,000 Canadian firms from coast to coast. Shopping on this scale creates a lot of work for a lot of people . . . right across Canada.

Esso IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

and wanted to begin training him in the business. He learned quickly and showed signs of such gifted salesmanship his mother said, "If you should ever have to earn your living selling pencils on the street I'm sure you'll sell three times as many as anyone else." In 1886 he went on the road for the first time. A few months earlier Vancouver had been linked with the east by the C.P.R.'s newly finished transcontinental line and Samuel's firm sent him to get what orders he could.

Although the town was already beginning to boom, the population was still less than 5,000 and Samuel found it a disappointing market. He went to San Francisco with the idea of taking a two week holiday but when he got there and saw what a big bustling place it was he changed his mind and started selling metal instead of having a rest. "Inside 24 hours," he says, "I was doing business—and in a big way too." But he didn't think he'd be happy away from Toronto and his friends so he returned.

In 1888 his father died, leaving him a small legacy that didn't include a partnership in the firm, which was then owned by relatives. For the next ten years Samuel's life was largely uneventful hard work. In 1898, on a business trip to the London office he met May Mandelson. She had been born in Australia and brought up in London by her uncle, Sir Louis Cohen, a former Lord Mayor. Samuel married her that summer and took her back to Toronto. Although he was earning less than many a shipping clerk earns today, he had a one-fifth share of the profits of the business. Until then it hadn't brought him much but the boom that came with the enormous turn-of-the-century Canadian wheat crops at $2 a bushel did wonders for the metal trade, and his share made him relatively rich almost overnight.

In the early 1900s he became a full partner (his name was the sole owner of the business, and has been for years), and was prosperous enough to have retired if he'd wanted to and live in ease with his family of two sons, Lewis and Norman, and his daughters Kathleen and Florence. He could also afford the career of philanthropy that began in 1910 when Florence cut her finger to the bone and was taken to Toronto Western Hospital—then new and struggling. Samuel was so grateful for the skilful treatment that he decided to help it grow, and went on the board of governors. He's been on it ever since—for the last two years as president.

In the spring of 1914 he moved to London to divide his time between a little business and a lot of leisure for the kind of quietly cultivated existence he likes best. Before he left he went to call on Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, then head of the Bank of Montreal. In Sir Frederick's office he saw some old prints of Canadian scenes and realized that collecting such things himself would make a perfect hobby because of his interest in Canadian history.

A few months after the Samuel family settled in London in a big comfortable house in Porchester Terrace in the aristocratic West End the 1914 war began. Samuel had to work harder at business than he'd expected but he found time to study the ins and outs of collecting. He started going to auction sales and art dealers' shops where he picked up his first hundred or so prints and drawings and paintings.

In 1915 his friend Sir Edmund Walker of the Bank of Commerce told Samuel he'd heard that a Dr. Sturge, who'd been Queen Victoria's physician, had offered to sell his large collection of Greek and Roman antiquities to the British Museum. The museum didn't have room for it and Sir Edmund suggested that Samuel might like to buy it for the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto.

At first Dr. Sturge wouldn't sell to Samuel because he didn't think he ought to let his collection leave England. Samuel said that Canada was as much part of the British Empire as England was and convinced Dr. Sturge that it would be positively disloyal to go on refusing. Samuel got the collection for 10,000 pounds and shipped it to the Royal Ontario Museum. The museum was so delighted it made him a member of its board in 1928 it paid him a further and rather strange compliment. Its rhetpaleontologist, Dr. W. A. Parks, had recently discovered the skeleton of a birdlike dinosaur about the size of a small ostrich. Because it was a new species Dr. Parks had the right to name it. He decided to call it *Struthiomimus samuelis* as a tribute to Samuel.

In the spring of the following year Samuel was named Conservative candidate for Lichfield in the British general elections. He was defeated. Back home R. E. Knowles of the Toronto Star asked him why he'd tried to get into politics in England instead of Canada. Samuel explained that he thought a man of means should be as useful to others as he could, and that he felt he could do more for Canada in London than in Ottawa—by encouraging British people to emigrate to this country. Knowles said he'd heard there were other reasons.

Samuel said there were. "There is a lot too much religious prejudice in England. I like Toronto. I like Canada. I have a host of friends here. But I am somewhat tired of Canadian prejudice toward those of my persuasion." Samuel said he'd found it most marked in Toronto, and when Knowles asked if it was true he'd been blackballed by the exclusive Toronto Club he said it was, but that he didn't hold the whole club responsible for what he called "the handiwork of a couple of haughty men."

That was a quarter of a century ago. Just recently Samuel was asked if he thought there was still feeling against Jews in Toronto. The old gentleman snorted. "It's worse than ever," he said flatly.

In 1940 Samuel gave the collection to the Royal Ontario Museum and in effect made it public property. The Canadiana Gallery in Queen's Park in Toronto is the third home the collection has had since he turned it over to the Royal Ontario. The first was a room in the museum's main building which turned out to be not nearly big enough because he was continually arriving with new pictures as he bought them and the room was soon overcrowded. He then built an addition to the building, but as time went on it got overcrowded too. The Ontario government archives had been badly housed for generations and he suggested a way to remedy this along with the housing problem of his collection.

If the province would put up a special building to hold both it and the archives he would pay $150,000 of the

TIME SIGNAL

What's constantly outraging me
Is knowing that among
The chief things that are egging me
Is trying to art young.

P. J. BLACKWELL

All that is best in modern living is yours in a home of **WESTERN WOODS**



VISIT WESTERN WOODS
TREND HOUSES

VICTORIA
3518 Richmond Road, Scotch
Open March 29 July 16

VANCOUVER
4342 Skyline Drive Forest Hills
Open April 5 July 25

EDMONTON
8321 120th St., Windsor Park
Open April 12 August 1

CALGARY
1738 Elbow Park Drive, Elboya
Open April 19 August 8

REGINA
3720 Albert St., Lakeview
Open April 26 August 15

WINNIPEG
761 South Drive, Fort Garry
Open May 3 August 22

LONDON
Pondarosa Park Road, Stoneybrook Heights
Open May 10 August 29

TORONTO
61 Weybourne Crescent, Lawrence Park
Open May 17 September 5

MONTREAL
2 Woodland Ave., Beaconsfield
Open May 24 September 12

HALIFAX
16 Belmoral Rd., Fraserlyn Park
Open May 31 September 19

The beautiful home above features a roof of Red Cedar Shingles and sidewalls of double-coursed Red Cedar Shakes—a combination of Western Woods that assures you lifetime charm and protection. The rigid strength and outstanding weather resistance of cedar shingles and shakes across maximum service with minimum upkeep.

BEAUTY
Double thickness greater heavy, graceful shadow line

ECONOMY
Hidden courses are economy grade cedar shingles

INSULATION
Two layers of cedar give extra insulation

Planning a new home or remodelling . . . you'll build better with Western Woods. No other building materials give you such freedom for individual design, combined with lifetime durability and economy. The warm, natural beauty of Western Woods is adaptable to any architectural style . . . practical in any climate. And Western Woods are so versatile. From framework, siding, roofing, to wall paneling and built-ins, Western Woods offer charm and livability with superior strength and enduring value. Easy to build and maintain, a home of Western Woods is the wisest building investment you can make. Ask your lumber dealer to help you plan your new home with Western Woods or show you how to remodel on an easy Time Payment plan.

WESTERN WOODS

Western Red Cedar and Pacific Coast Hemlock Lumber
Douglas Fir Plywood
Red Cedar Shingles and Sidewall Shakes

SEE YOUR LUMBER DEALER



Send for beautiful 32-page booklet "Ten Trend Houses" *illustrated in full color with plans, exterior, interiors, of Trend Houses and other modern homes of Western Woods. A valuable source of practical ideas for building and remodelling.*

Western Woods, 550 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B.C.

Enclosed find 50c (coin or postal note) *for illustrated, full color booklet "Ten Trend Houses".*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

What will you have by 1969 . . .

Ever considered what your financial position will be fifteen years from now . . . by 1969?

Just how much of your income do you think you can save? 5%, 10%, 15%? Many "budgeteers" say that the average person may be able to save 10%. We don't know how right they are, but we do feel that most people want to save something.

Put yourself in the shoes of an average man of moderate means. You will own a car . . . probably a recent model . . . your home will be well furnished, and you may be paying off a mortgage. But over and above this, you may feel that you can save at least $500 a year and still live comfortably.

Now, what will you have by 1969?

By just "saving" $500 a year, putting it in the cookie jar . . . you will have $7,500. By putting it into a savings account at 2% you'll have over $8,800.

But suppose instead you invest your $500 a year in "blue chip" securities at an average yield of 4% . . . a conservative return under present conditions . . . you may be surprised to know that your $7,500 of savings will grow by over $2,900 . . . and you'll have over $10,400 by 1969. Quite a difference, isn't it.

But to get started on such a programme requires more than just picking securities out of a hat and buying five hundred dollars worth each year. It means having a personalized programme drawn up for you. It runs on a programme designed to fill your wants and meet your requirements. It means a periodic security checkup to maintain quality and balance. It's a specialized job for somebody . . . somebody with experience. That's where we come in.

Perhaps you'd like to have a chat with us . . . you will be welcome in any of our offices either personally or by mail.

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited
Business Established 1889

TORONTO OTTAWA MONTREAL LONDON WINNIPEG REGINA SASKATOON VANCOUVER VICTORIA NEW YORK OFFICE TORONTO LAW CALGARY ST. CATHARINES HAMILTON QUEBEC



expense. The province agreed and the result was the gallery in Queen's Park, opened in May 1951. Most of the two upper floors are used for the archives, which are seldom visited except by scholars and researchers. But a steadily increasing stream of people (about 12,000 in 1953) comes to look at Samuel's collection in the huge room that takes up nearly all of the ground floor. Roughly a fifth are new Canadians who seem more eagerly interested than native-born visitors.

Big as the gallery is, it can hold only a fraction of the collection at a time. Apart from the large oil paintings which are left permanently in place, the smaller prints and drawings and engravings on the walls and in the 22 showcases are changed every few months or so. What isn't on display is stored in the basement. There is so much there that the display upstairs can be changed completely three times a year for three years.

Pictures far outnumber the books and maps in the collection—the consequence of the policy Samuel has followed from the beginning. Canadian history is a great deal more fully recorded in words than in pictures and he finds nothing can give as vivid an idea of the past as seeing men and women and places as they looked to people of their own time. For example, regarding the Seven Years War in Canada, about which Samuel wrote a book in 1934, nowhere else in the world can there be seen so much of what the soldiers and sailors who fought it saw. There are maps of the countryside below Quebec in the 1760s that show every house in every village and every footpath across the fields. There are drawings of Quebec itself made just after it fell to the British. There's hardly a battle or fort that matter a skirmish in the whole campaign that isn't pictured.

Half Million for Library

Quite apart from spectacular events like wars the Canadians has pictures of innumerable humble occurrences of ordinary life long ago. You can learn how our forefathers traveled in the Merrimac of the 1830s, or went skating in Ontario in the Forties, or on picnic parties to the Quebec countryside in the Sixties, or trapped beaver, made macaroni or ran an iron foundry.

In 1932 the year the University of Toronto made Samuel a Doctor of Laws, he and his friend Sir Robert Mond gave a large part of the cost of a library of Chinese books for the Royal Ontario Museum, and of an addition called the Sigmund Samuel Gallery to house it. Three years ago he gave Toronto Western Hospital $100,000 for enlarging its radiological service and on his 84th birthday the hospital named the Leah May Samuel Department of Radiology in honor of his wife.

Last year on his 86th birthday he laid the cornerstone of a new building for the University of Toronto's library, which will be named after him—an acknowledgment of the $500,000 he gave to help build it. Samuel has doctor's robes bright in the sunlight, told the learned company that his love of books had begun when he read the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen while he was at the Model School. He told how his lessons there had made history fascinating to him, and how he'd once spent $18 he could ill afford to buy a set of Parkman's histories.

It was a good little speech, unpretentious and straightforward, and the occasion of it was one more proof of how consistently Samuel has lived up to his own principle—"A man ought to show his appreciation if he can." ★

Sam Slick Slept Here

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Until recently Windsor was a busy port, yearly clearing hundreds of ships loaded with its two chief products, gypsum and fertilizer. But the shifting channel and a power dam that rerouted the water have dumped vast mounds of silt and muck around its wharves. Now most of its shipping is done from Hantsport, five miles up the river.

"With our shipping gone," Mayor Douglas Morton, a retired banker, says, "all we've got to boast about now is our tides and our past."

Windsor's past goes back to 1703 when the French built a settlement in the triangular valley where the Avon and St. Croix Rivers join up on their way to the sea. Piziquid, as they called it, became a thriving community of Acadians, docile people who built dykes, reclaimed marshlands from the rivers and raised wheat for sale in Boston. With 2,700 inhabitants Piziquid was the Acadians' largest centre—bigger even than nearby Grand Pré where Evangeline went to the well.

When the British won Acadia they built Fort Edward at Piziquid in 1750 to control the Minas Basin district. Five years later, behind its sullen ramparts English officers drew up plans for the expulsion of the Acadians. Fort Edward's ruins are now a small nine-hole golf course, just a pitch and a putt from the town hall.

After the Acadians were shipped away, their land was parceled out to army officers, government leaders and their friends. Piziquid was renamed Windsor. There, in 1789, King's College, the oldest colonial university in the British Commonwealth, was founded—for Anglicans only.

It was a crime in proper Windsor to skip church on Sunday or on any day to sweep. The arbiter of such things was a Mrs. Abraham Longmire, who headed a citizens committee that had power to levy fines for misconduct. The first man haled before her for censure was her own husband. Swiftly impartially she fined him three shillings. Abe, humiliated, went on a bender and was brought again before his wife and judge. Fined again, he left Mrs. Longmire—and Windsor—forever.

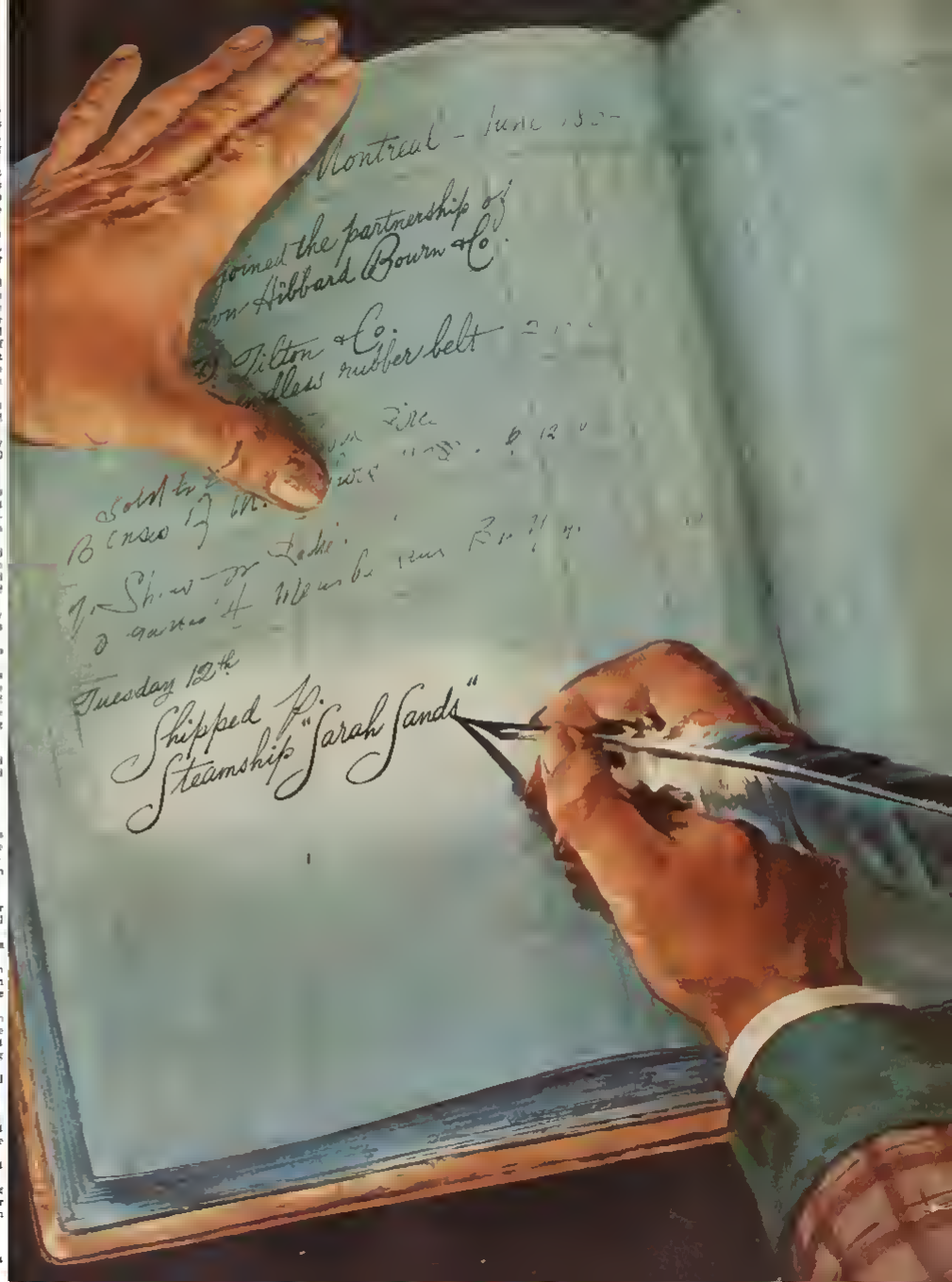
In this atmosphere of propriety, snobbery and prudery, Thomas Chandler Haliburton was born in 1796. His father, a judge and member of the legislature, was one of Windsor's elite. His mother was the daughter of a Loyalist officer. Torn, by their dummy became a social and political maverick.

Educated at Windsor grammar school and King's, he married beautiful Louisa Neville when he was nineteen, became a lawyer, and, at thirty, was elected to the legislature.

There Haliburton, a handsome man with dark wavy hair, won a reputation as an orator and paradoxically, as the critic of his own ruling class. An appointed Council of Twelve then ran Nova Scotia and the elected legislature had little power. In 1827 this protest of an exclusive Anglican upbringing committed heresy: he urged the government to make a grant of four hundred pounds to Presbyterian Pictou Academy. When the council refused, Haliburton ridiculed it as "twelve dignified, deeply read pensioned old ladies, but filled with prejudices and whims like all other antiquated spinsters."

He was censured by the House but cheered by the common people, particularly by Joseph Howe, a young Halifax newspaper editor who was later to smash the council with his own

Continued on page 35



100 YEARS AGO...

Shipped per Steamship Sarah Sands
consigned to



On 1 September 1854 old Harry Kavanagh, clerk, record the first overseas shipment of rubber footwear from a small plant by the St. Lawrence River, in Montreal. Only a month previously, three men had met in a modest building at the corner of Lemoine and Notre Dame Streets, and, with limited assets but unlimited confidence, formed the first rubber company in Canada.

Rubber footwear was then the Company's chief product and that the quality was outstanding no one can dispute. For only a year after production had begun, the firm was awarded a diploma for the excellence of its product at the "Exposition Universelle" in Paris, the citation signed by Emperor Napoleon III. It was an auspicious start.



Canada's first rubber factory

As the ledger began to fill, additional lines of footwear are added, also rubberized cloth and rubber springs for carriages, and the first rubber machinery belts made in Canada. In 1866 the Company relinquished its original name, which was that of the three partners who had started the venture, and emerged as the Canadian Rubber Co. of Montreal.

The years following marked a period of continued vigorous growth. Line upon line of new rubber goods were added, among them raincoats, seamless garden hose, fire hose, carriage cloths, bicycle tires and "an infinite variety of special goods for different trades."



Tapping rubber trees

In 1906 Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company was formed to control and govern the affairs of Canadian Rubber and a former rival, the Granby Rubber Company. Four months later, Consolidated acquired another company, Maple Leaf Rubber Company, and later still another concern, Commercial Rubber and its plant at St. Jerome, Quebec. Acquisition of the Berlin and Merchants rubber companies in Berlin (now Kitchener), Ontario, soon followed.



Rubber was first made in Canada in a small rubber factory

In 1907, control of the company was acquired by United States Rubber Company, and the year after the end of World War I the name Dominion Rubber became applicable in all Canadian operations. During this era of great expansion, the Company's increase in production and range of products was scarcely less dramatic. Soon came the automobile, and with it the demand for a new rubber product, tires. In the first few years of the 20th century, the Company's Montreal factory was able to look after this demand with a capacity of about 100 tires a day. But management, sensing the future of automotive transport, projected an entirely new operation.

MORE PRODUCTS FOR MORE PEOPLE



By Christmas 1921 the million dollar Dominion Rubber plant in Berlin, Ontario, soon to be renamed Kitchener, was ready for production.

Shortly after the opening of the new factory, the first of the famous Nobby tread tires appeared, the "Nobby" which formed the tread being applied individually. The success of this new design in mind and snow earned the "Nobby" a lasting reputation that extended to many countries.



Features of early tires

In the first year of production at the new plant, Dominion built 48,000 tires and 45,500 inner tubes. In 1919, 1800 workers were employed and 420,000 tires produced. Four thousand miles was good life for a tire then and when reports came in that some drivers were getting 19,000 or 20,000 miles from their Nobbys, the world really sat up to talk about. Today, a motorist expects and gets much greater mileage.

Improvements in Dominion's other divisions kept pace with those in tires. Footwear lines were extended to include every type of footwear involving rubber. Similarly, in the Textile and Mechanical Divisions of Dominion, diversification had become the keynote.

Early in World War II, Dominion Rubber's Naugatuck Chemical Division was established. Originally designed to supply essential chemicals such as aniline oil to the department of defence production, this division was expanded to become the only producer of special chemicals for the rubber industry.



The advent of the pneumatic tire

Part of Dominion's successful entry into the field of synthetics and chemicals was due to the accumulated knowledge of its great partner in the United States — U.S. Rubber.

The Company also set up and operated a munitions plant, built tank tracks, and bogie wheels for medium and heavy tanks, self-sealing fuel tanks for aircraft, fuel and water storage tanks, manufactured rubber parts for ships' machinery, guns, armoured car turrets, propeller noses.



Synthetic rubber — old method

The list is almost endless. It runs from searchlight mounts to gasmasks, from rifle pull-throughs to rubber dinghies.

Dominion Rubber's peacetime progress has been no less remarkable or diversified. From the Mechanical Division, now standing on the Company's original factory site at Papineau and Notre Dame, comes an almost unbelievable range of products from the humble hose washer to garden hose, industrial hose, transmission belts and giant conveyor belts more than a mile in length.

APACE WITH THE NATION'S NEEDS

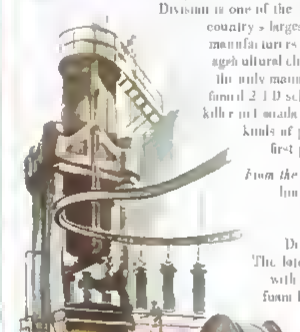
The Fire Dur[illegible] in Kitchener with the famous Royal Master and other types of Royal tires meets the modern need for every form of transport from that runs on rubber. In Elmira, Ontario, Dominion's Naugatuck Chemical Division is one of the country's largest manufacturers of agricultural chemicals and the only manufacturer of the famous 2,4-D selective weed killer not made in addition it produces many types of plastics among them Vibrin from which the first plastic car body, exhibited in Canada, was made.



Tire manufacture today

From the Footwear Division plant at St. Jerome, Que., come the light weight lines of Dominion Rubber Footwear. Gaytees, and sports, leisure time and play shoes of the famous Feet Foot Smart Step and Kiks lines, while the Kitchener Footwear Factory is the home of Dominion Blue Bar and other brands of heavy duty rubber footwear. The latest additions of fuel tanks for aircraft, rubber carpet cushioning, with its many advantages over the conventional rug underpadding, and foam latex pillows have given further scope to this division. The Textile Division plant in Kitchener produces a wide variety of felt goods hose covers, knitted textile goods, and special types of insulation.

The construction industry is welcoming another unique Dominion product, 'Latterete', a combination of concrete and rubber, and even the black lines joining the concrete on highways and aircraft runways are often Dominion Rubber 'Sealz".



Modern Tire Tread [illegible] making machine



Testing by the Laboratory

Many new chemicals and rubber and plastic processes are included now in the Company's research and development program.

It would take volumes to enumerate the number of different items made by Dominion Rubber today, the list would run into the thousands, just nine hundred years to the month since the first sale of waterproof shoes was entered in the original ledger.

1854 DOMINION RUBBER 1954 A CENTURY OF SERVICE TO HOME AND INDUSTRY

DOMINION RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

Continued from page 30

entary and won responsible government for Nova Scotia.

In 1829 Haliburton resigned from the legislature, became a judge of the Court of Common Pleas and saw his first book, An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia, published by Joe Howe. In it he condemned the expulsion of the Acadians in writing Evangeline, Longfellow later leaned heavily on Haliburton's account of the expulsion. In fact the original tear jerking story of Evangeline Belle fontaine reached him, in roundabout fashion from Haliburton. Longfellow first heard the tale from Nathaniel Hawthorne who heard it from Rev. H. L. Conolly, of Boston, who heard it from Mrs. George Haliburton, who got it from her nephew, the judge.

In the early 1830s Haliburton became a member of The Club, a circle of Joe Howe's friends who met once a week in Howe's home and wrote satiric attacks on the despotic Council of Twelve. In 1836 Howe's paper, the Novascotian began printing a series of anonymous sketches, thinly plotted but sharply pointed narrations about Sam Slick, a canny, gregarious Yankee clock peddler who roamed about the country side quipping to his traveling companion and chronicler, the Squire Sam, wise in all matters concerned on Nova Scotia scenery, society, politics, women and—most of all—Blueneses themselves. He found them a lazy lot.

"They live too extravagant," Nova Scotians read. "and dress too extravagant and won't do what is the only thing that will supply the extravagance that is be industrious."

Sam's slangy jibes caused a stir wherever the Novascotian was read and people tried to guess his author. The Halifax Acadian Recorder reported nine years later: "The letters of the Clockmaker were laid like bastards at every writer's door."

In a few months Sam's real father, Haliburton became known. Though a humorist Haliburton wrote not to amuse but to goad Nova Scotians whom he loved out of their complacency and laziness which he hated. In satiric ridicule, delivered by the sly boasting knot of Yankee most resented by the Blueneses, he saw a chance to prick their vanity.

Nova Scotians, then as now, took their politics seriously. "This little House of Assembly that folks make such a fouse about," Sam jashed, "what is it? Why just a decent Grand Jury. They make their presentments of little money votes to mend them everlastin rotten little bridges to throw a poultice of mud once a year on the roads and then take a blowin' time of three months and go home."

In 1837 Haliburton expanded 23 of his sketches into a book which Joe Howe published as The Clockmaker. The author was not identified although most Nova Scotians guessed Haliburton was responsible. Almost overnight the volume became a best-seller in the United States, Britain and, translated, in France and Germany. Nova Scotia greeted it coldly. "Grese, vulgar slang," said the Acadian Recorder. In spite of such criticism Haliburton pleased by the unexpected international acclaim, admitted author ship in 1838. He also found out more of Sam Slick's sayings and doings. At Clifton, a magnificent wooden villa which he built on a hill overlooking Windsor, he paced over rich carpets smoking furiously and dictating rapidly to a flock of stenographers.

The more he wrote the more improbable a character Sam Slick became. He could steer a sailing ship, tame wild horses, paint a portrait and sing an opera. He knew the latest bull before the British House of Commons and the most recent scandal in Persia. Made famous by Haliburton's first book Sam in a later book, The Attaché, published in 1843, was sent by a grateful U. S. government to be its attaché at the Court of St. James. He spoofed the shams and mannerisms of diplomacy and jushed at royalty. Of the Declaration of Independence he remarked: "I guess King George rued the day when he read that!"

In England where The Clockmaker reached through four editions in six months, Britons liked to think that Sam was a typical Yankee garrulous, brash and ill-mannered. To Americans, Sam spoke for "the most free and enlightened citizens on the face of the earth" who had shaken off royalty and all its trappings.

Haliburton's short sketches and two books (most of them about Sam Slick) contained only thin threads of plots on which he hung humorous anecdotes and numerous opinions. And Sam had opinions on everything from politics—"Nothin' improves a man's manners like runnin' an election"—to original sin—"It is very easy for preachers to get up with long faces and tell us that (Adam) ought to have been more of a man. My opinion is that if he had been less of a man it would have been better for him." In Bartlett's Familiar Quotations there are four quotations from Sam, compared with two from the works of the Canadian humorist Stephen Leacock. In Canadian Quotations, an anthology of the nation's wisest and wittiest sayings, Sam Slick appears on 122 of 251 pages—almost twice as often as the next biggest contributor, Sir John A. Macdonald.

A Fund of Slicklisms

In his book, Canadian Writers, Arthur Phelps declares: "Sam Slick takes his place in literature alongside Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer and Dickens' Sam Weller. So similar were Sam Slick and Sam Weller of Pickwick Papers that at one time Haliburton was accused of stealing from Dickens. Not so, it turned out. Slick was making people laugh more than a year before Weller first appeared in print."

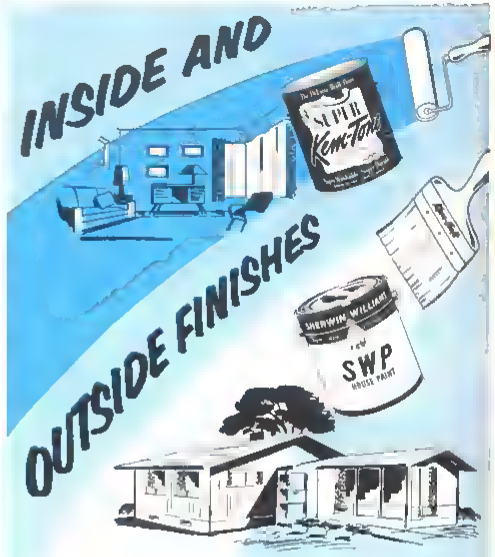
Good horses and good liquor were among Haliburton's first loves and he used them often for illustrations of wit. On political reform Sam said, "I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know." On reading: "Books only weaken your understandin' as water does brandy."

He pictured the face of a Puritan "lit up with a sickly smile like the sun on a tombstone." Politics were like pea soup: "They are all very well and very good when they are kept stirred, but as soon as the stir is over . . . the rich and the thick settles down for them who are at the bottom of things." He described an English nobleman as feeling like the little end of nothing whittled down and Sam on a hot day as longing to slip out of his skin and sit around in his bones.

Haliburton invented many characters, but none caught the public fancy like Sam. He was part sage, part scoundrel. Once in Boston he advertised his trotting horse for sale as "too heavey for harness." When the man who bought it came storming back screaming that the horse had the heaves, Sam was another few dollars richer from his betting that was just what he'd advertised.

Selling clocks, Sam relied on "soft sawder" (flattery) to con them into homes and "human natur" to keep them there. Real-life peddlers aped him, wearing the same tight striped

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS



FEATURED IN TREND HOUSES

INSIDE: Your home too can have a "Trend House" color scheme by decorating with Super Kem Tone, the Superior rubber base wall finish and Kem-Glo, the Miracle Lustre enamel that looks and washes like baked enamel — products which contribute to more gracious living. they are all you need to decorate in good taste.

OUTSIDE: Home owners are no longer shackled to old color standards for exterior decorating. Sherwin-Williams "Town and Country Colors" have opened the way to brighter, gayer exteriors with coral, lime, sunshine yellow and many other attractive shades to suit your home. See them at your Sherwin-Williams agent or dealer.

It pays to paint with
Sherwin-Williams finishes inside and out



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS



Our heating contractor exclaimed
"COLD FLOORS...?
—not when you install
Petro
OIL HEATING"
and he proved himself right!

"Gully you just can't imagine how wonderful it is to have no cold floor worries. Our Petro oil furnace maintains a steady uniform temperature all over the house — And what service and economy it gives! Heat resistant firing head quiet fan and simple precision combustion adjustments assure years of trouble-free service. And Petro oil heating equipment is notable for its low fuel consumption. Contact *your* nearest heating contractor or write for free illustrated literature.

PETRO, Dept. 12, 2231 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Ont.



Burners and boilers to fit every home heating need



Our service burner will modernize your present furnace or boiler

PETRO
OVER 30 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP IN AUTOMATIC HEATING AND OIL BURNER EQUIPMENT

Residential Oil and Gas Burners, Oil and Gas Furnaces and Boilers; Industrial and Commercial Oil, Gas and Oil Gas Combination Burners

Level Crossing Accident Takes Father of Two



Widow and Children Receive $10,000 on $5,000 Policy

In Western Canada, a young executive died recently in a level crossing accident. His death came three months after he took out a Confederation Life Policy for $5,000 with an Accidental Death & Dismemberment Benefit. His widow, left with two children, wrote:

"Under the Accidental Death and Dismemberment Benefit, I will receive $10,000. While it will not ease the loss of my husband this money will make it possible for me to look after my two little children. I cannot speak too highly of the excellent service, and prompt settlement I have received from Confederation Life."

The only policy of its kind in Canada!

Confederation's Accidental Death & Dismemberment Benefit on a $5,000 Policy pays

- $5,000 if you die from natural causes
- $10,000 if you die by accident.
- $15,000 if you die by accident while in a public vehicle (except an airplane), or in a fire in a public building.

Liberal cash payments for dismemberment accidents.

Write for Free Booklet, 'Triple Indemnity', for further particulars.

PROTECT THE ONES YOU LOVE

Confederation Life
ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

84-9

pants, sporting his homey philosophies and foisting off equally poor merchandise.

Once, in the great merriment of all Nova Scotia, a hawker was hailed before Judge Haliburton for selling clocks that wouldn't tell the time. With a perfectly straight face Haliburton denounced dark Yankees for gypping gullible Bluenoses—then let the peddler off.

As a judge, Haliburton was more of a joker. A Boston newspaper reported that his court showed "an uproarious lack of decorum." On one occasion a young lawyer, seeing that Haliburton was taking notes while he spoke, took heart and grew eloquent. When he finished, Haliburton handed down his notes: a caricature of the lawyer's big nose. Haliburton skimmed through jury cases and, when sitting on appeals, seldom wrote judgments. He preferred to agree with other judges, and to let them write them.

He had a weakness for puns. When a man begged to be excused from jury duty because he had a skin disease called "the itch," Haliburton roared, "Scratch that man!" Another time he wrote that "to pelt a governor-general with eggs is an evil act of treason, for it is an attempt to throw off the yoke."

"I am not a popular judge," Haliburton said, truthfully, "and never wish to be."

He Was Prophetic, Too

He parted himself Haliburton spoofed prudes and temperance preachers. Once Sam Slick related how he was sent to Italy to buy a painting to enrich Slickville's art gallery. He bought a Virgin and Child. Since the Child was shockingly naked Sam had an artist paint on trousers and lace boots. To make Him look genteel. On certain occasions in character in a Haliburton story, this Old Judge observes: "The moment a feller reforms here he turns preacher on the principle that the greater the sinner the greater the saint."

Though his chief character was a Yankee and he often compared Bluenoses to New Englanders unfavorably, Haliburton was no lover of the United States. He considered Americans industrious but unmannerly braggarts who ascend the Rhine that they may have an opportunity of boasting of a larger American river.

Surveying the world from his villa in Windsor, Haliburton was uncannily prophetic. His writings predicted the U.S. Civil War and the popular uprisings in both Upper and Lower Canada.

If Sam Slick was a contradictory character so was his creator. As a politician Haliburton had favored self-government for Canada. As a writer, he opposed it, calling instead for an imperial federation with Britain. Once a champion of the people, he condemned universal suffrage, "where the lowest orders form the majority of electors."

In this view he clashed with the man who gave him his literary start, Joe Howe, and held him up to ridicule. The two great friends became sworn enemies but later made up.

Haliburton's wife, who bore him eight children, died in 1840 shortly before he was raised to the Supreme Court. His books made him wealthy and in Windsor he contented himself by staying out of public life, throwing lavish parties and writing. He took his judicial duties lightly. While living in Windsor he put men to work quarrying gypsum on his huge estate, thus starting what is today the town's chief industry.

In 1856 Haliburton sold his home and moved to England to devote all his time to writing. There he met and married Sarah Harriet, a widow. He bought an estate at Isleworth, on the Thames River, and in 1859 was elected to the British House of Commons for Launceston. In the Commons he continued to oppose the idea of a Canadian Confederation and in 1865, two years before it became reality, he died.

Clifton, Haliburton's home, passed into various hands. One local legend says it was visited several times by a ghost of a Scottish piper who drank too much at one of Haliburton's parties, fell into a pond and drowned. He has since reappeared—but not recently—mournfully skirling his own lament.

Windsor wasn't paying much attention in 1868 when a lieutenant Saxby, a star-gazing officer of the Royal Navy, predicted in The Times that on Oct. 4, 1869, a severe gale would strike somewhere in the world. It was a safe forecast. On that day the very devil of a storm whipped up the Bay of Fundy. The Avon River rose over its clay banks and flooded most of Windsor, floating off lumber, livestock and all that was not nailed down. Windsorians fled to high ground and hundreds of them found safety at Clifton until the waters receded. They were back for refuge at Clifton 28 years later when a small blaze on Water Street got out of hand and razed half the town with a loss of over $2,000,000.

Falling into decay, the mansion was bought by the Nova Scotia government in 1939, restored and opened to tourists a year later. Miss Florence Anslow has worked there as curator ever since and with some detective work, plus persistence, she has traced and acquired many of the mansion's original furnishings. "I think," she says, "that the judge would feel very much at home here now." On one wall he might see what Miss Anslow has tracked near: The Original Sam Slick Clock. The clock still works.

King's College, Haliburton's alma mater, is no longer in Windsor. It was moved to Halifax in 1923 but the Church of England still maintains a boys' prep school there and Edgehill, a private school for girls. Edgehill has had the reputation of being a very proper academy since the days of its first headmistress, Miss H. I. Machin, a stickler about the conduct of genteel young ladies who made them wear flounces and five petticoats at a time. It is just as well that Miss Machin is not around to see today's students. Their wearing lunges that terminate four inches above the knee.

Windsor today is a peaceful town by the Avon's edge, with shaded streets lined by elms and maples and the air of a place where nothing much ever happened. Farmers from the surrounding countryside and Annapolis Valley apple growers come to town once or twice a week to shop or see a movie. In the summer the American tourists with their bright sports shirts and cameras, stop a while to look at the relics and visit Sam Slick's house. In September Windsor comes alive for its four-day Hants County Exhibition, a Class A show of farm products, midways, harness racing and square dancing. It has been going on every year since 1765 and still draws 20,000 visitors.

Oddly there are no Haliburton descendants living in Windsor today. But the home and many other old mansions, fallen into duty as boarding houses, survive to remind Windsor of its aristocratic past. Its once-strict social caste system has vanished. Recently Avard Bishop, manager of radio station CFAB in Windsor, explained why—in typical Sam Slick talk: "Them that had, ain't. And them that didn't, has." ★

"OPERATION ALUMINUM"



BRITISH COLUMBIA 1954

The vast Kitimat hydroelectric and aluminum smelter project will be turning out aluminum by mid-summer this year.

Completion of Kenney Dam in October, 1952 was the first major milestone. In December 1953, the 11-mile 25 foot diameter water tunnel was holed through Mount DuBose, in the world record time of 21 months. Three 140,000 H.P. generators are now in position in the Kemano underground powerhouse and power will soon pass along the 50-mile transmission line to Kitimat.

At Kitimat, in former wilderness, potlines for the first phase of production have been installed. Aluminum at the rate of 91,500 tons a year is scheduled to flow from Kitimat this year, thus increasing Alcan's output capacity to over one and a quarter billion pounds annually.

QUEBEC 1953

In Quebec Alcan completed two new power-houses and augmented its aluminum smelting facilities during 1953.

The new generating stations at Chute du Diable and Chute à la Savane on the Peribonka River — one of the principal tributaries of Lake St. John — have a combined generating capacity of 540,000 H.P. The total installed generating capacity of Alcan's power plants in Quebec has therefore been increased to 2,580,000 H.P.

The rated annual capacity of the aldered aluminum smelting facilities at Isle Maligne is 71,500 tons a year. By the end of 1953 ingot capacity in Alcan's four Quebec smelters — at Shawinigan Falls, Arvida, Isle Maligne and Beauharnois — totalled over one billion pounds, or about one quarter of all the ingot capacity in the Alcan system.

Alcan embarked in 1951 on an expansion programme to meet the increased demand for aluminum. This programme, divided into two principal parts, is completed in Quebec and nearing conclusion in British Columbia.

In the fifty-four years since the first Canadian aluminum plant opened at Shawinigan Falls, Canada's aluminum industry has grown to be the second largest in the world and Canada now exports more aluminum than any other country.

Still the need grows, both at home and abroad, for this light, strong, modern metal of many uses. And Aluminum Company of Canada is putting more power [illegible] and engineering brains and imagination into the job of keeping up with that demand.

Aluminum is "packaged power". The electricity needed to produce one ton of aluminum would light the average home for nearly a year. In its making use of Canada's abundant, low-cost power, this Canadian enterprise has created employment and income for tens of thousands, for the men who build and operate the dams and powerhouses, the docks and smelters and power lines it needs, and for the more than one thousand independent Canadian companies who turn aluminum into countless forms important to industry and our own daily living.

Aluminum — ALUMINUM ALCAN The MODERN METAL — Company of Canada, Ltd.

Producers and pioneers of aluminum for Canadian industry and world markets

Plants at Shawinigan Falls • Arvida • Isle Maligne • Shipshaw • Peribonka • Port Alfred • Beauharnois • Wakefield • Kingston • Etobicoke • Kitimat • Kemano

DIRECT FROM

Florida

COPPERTONE

FLORIDA'S LEADING
Suntan Oil and Cream

AT A RESORT . . .
OR IN YOUR BACKYARD . . .



Get a smooth, even suntan with Coppertone—Florida's largest selling suntan oil! Coppertone gives a radiant resort tan anywhere in the sun. Keep your complexion youthful with Coppertone's lanolin and cocoa butter. Buy Coppertone today as a liquid, cream or spray.

Don't be a Paleface



More Canadian "74" Port is sold in Canada than any other premium port.

Why?

Bright's fine Canadian Wines
SINCE 1874

Catherine and the Winter Wheat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

she sat on the jolting wagon, for all the glory of this most glorious day.

She had the letter shoved into her blouse. The letter she'd written the night before when everyone was in bed, a secret portentous letter, probably misspelled, but still one of those papers which shape the history of the world. Oh, I heard the lamp being lit and saw the shadowy figure in its night shift scratching away, and I knew all about her and Tom Skaife, and what would be in the letter, so I went to sleep again. Skaife's was only a mile out of Streetsville. For certain I'd be dispatched to deliver it personally and privately to Tom before we all set out home again, and Tom would be along one night to get her and the two of them off to be married at Hamilton, where Tom worked at the iron works except in the harvest season.

That is the way it was, and the reason Catherine's singing was muted that summer and she so fiery and quick to take the corn brooms to a boy that got in her way about the place. There wasn't anything against Tom. It was just a matter of their both being so young, and the two years of waiting demanded of them so intolerably too much. Catherine and I were close to one another, and I think I could tell what she was thinking. That is how I know what was in the letter. I never saw it.

So Catherine brooded on the top of the rumbling wagonload, and I grieved beside her that I was to lose her, but I was a lad brought up on the land and aware already that all life was ordered in awful cycles of growth and generation and decay, and go she must, soon or late. And today there would be the long ride in the sun, which was far travel to me, the stream of grain as the sacks were emptied, and money rattling in my pocket, and I could not keep on with grieving and regretting when I contemplated these things.

Passing Feeney's I saw that he had run out his strikes for the fall plowing, and I remember wondering how such a feckless farmer could plow so straight a furrow. Old Feeney, a long burned new and tipper who was born around 1818, has become d'Ypres Feeney, sports a QC after his name and sits in a grand office overlooking the Place d'Armes in Montreal. But that's another story remote from this day when Catherine carried her letter and snapped at me when I spoke to her.

In many fields later than ours the binder was in the oats, reel flashing in the sun, and the farmer waved to us. It is curious how the oats catch up with the wheat, as they usually are used to thresh both on the same day. The rain has been in the field only since spring, the other through the winter as well. With the combine nowadays you harvest each when it is ripe on the stalk and so the wheat leads by a couple of weeks. But with the binder you could leave the wheat in stook until you were ready with the oats.

This summer, this trip to the Credit, this harvest are special in my memory. There was Catherine, and Tom Skaife. Then there was the weariness of the July and the heat. The two factors got strangely mixed up during the course of the day, which is a trick Nature is playing all the time while she is weaving away at the destinies of men. My father, unaware of this letter writing, was unusually preoccupied, worrying about the condition of the wheat he carried for grain is sensitive to the weather in which it has matured and been harvested. We knew that a good deal of wheat had been turned away at the mill in the last week for toughness, which is a matter of moisture content, and difficult to deal with though they do have drying equipment now at the mills which takes care of a lot of dornful stuff. You daren't bind tough. Heating and sponging is an ever present risk. At that time you hauled it home again, and you might dry it out with untold labor by spreading it out on the floor in the threshold of the barn, and keep it or sell it degraded for feed. Then too, your barn was stuffed with hay and with straw from the threshing so you hadn't any floor to spread it on.

My father pondered the matter as he drove, and Emily, sensitive to the moods of others, was quiet. Catherine was wrapped in her own thoughts. Only I was possessed of the high spirits proper to the occasion.

THERE wasn't much waiting around at the mill. Some years all the farmers seemed to arrive together and you might be four or five hours in line and other times the season was strung out so you could get a load in when you brought it. We all went into the miller's office together. Old Mr. Jonathan remembered all our names, inquired for my mother, and complained of his rheumatism, the hard times, the cost of labor, the sad wheat he'd been brought and how much he'd had to refuse. It was the same each year, but this year it was the toughness of the wheat he grumbled about most.

Well, William," he said at last, dump her off. No need to sample Laughlins wheat anyway."

The girls and I looked at each other with relief. I felt like jumping up and down, for there is no doubt the worry about selling the wheat had been urgent in the last hour. My father, and his father, the old Laughlin who bought Star-of-the-Sea from the O'Rourke's, who built it in '69, were staunch men and men of substance, but the substance was seldom cash.

My father stood there quite still, and the rest of us, starting for the door of the office, halted when he did not turn to go.

"No, Jonathen," he said, after a little pause. "I guess we'd better sample this. It's not been a good summer."

The miller got up, a little surprised. "Him. All right. Thought it mightn't have been so bad your way."

THEY went out together, and we followed without speaking to each other, and my father and the miller opened a lot of the sacks, and talked as they pushed their hands into the wheat. Then they carried a couple of sample tins into the office and remained there for what seemed hours to us. At last my father came out, and when we saw his face our hearts sank. He didn't say anything but climbed back onto the wagon, and we got up beside him, and around behind him, and he worked the wagon around, and we started back toward the road.

At the road he swung the team down toward the town and halted under the trees in front of the post office. There he pulled a dollar out of his pocket and told Emily to get something for her mother and me ice cream for us while the horses were rested and watered.

But we didn't move at once. The blow had been heavy. I thought Catherine is going to give me that letter now to take to Tom while Father is seeing to the horses. Then suddenly there were tears in Emily's eyes, and she turned on my father, hurt and passionate.

"Oh, why couldn't you have unloaded the wheat when he told you to? Why haven't you got the money for it? What did you say it had to be tested for?"

My father looked at her and at us. Three pairs of eyes were upon him, wide open, puzzled, accusing, in that moment, or two, before he spoke. Actually he said very little by way of answer.

Only, "Children, you'd better remember this all your lives."

I think we must have stared at him a long time before we turned away, ashamed, realizing the enormity of what had been in our minds of what Emily had expressed. We got down slowly off the wheat, leaving Father, and went into the shop and ate ice-cream cones, not talking and not looking at each other.

Suddenly Catherine pulled out the letter and tore it across and across again—and again—until it was only small wads of paper too thick to tear. She pushed the bits into her pocket and ran out without a word, her face wet with tears, to where my father was tending the horses.

Emily and I went and got some bit of something for Mother, and eventually we all got back on the wagon and went home with the sun setting in front of us, and that is all there was to that day—but I have remembered. ★



mild!
mild
mild



Yes! Silhouette is "milder than mild!" Ah! the foam of it! The cleansing, tingly feel of it! A foam so gentle it does not even smart the eyes. A *soapless* shampoo that leaves your hair so delightfully clean, softly glowing, vibrantly alive! Hair so easy to manage, with no dry and brittle ends . . . and a wave that lasts so much longer. It's all in the proved *formula containing finely emulsified egg yolk which helps restore to your hair the natural substances wind and sun take out. Another reason why professional hairdressers everywhere use and recommend Silhouette Oil-Egg Shampoo.



*Developed by SCHWARZKOPF OF VIENNA

JUST A FEW DROPS! Less than half the amount you would use on an ordinary shampoo. That's all the Silhouette you need for "oceans" of gentle cleansing lather . . . the suds lifts that make so much. At your druggist's or favorite cosmetic counter.



Silhouette OIL-EGG Shampoo



Sure of a good welcome

The host who serves Scotch Whisky is sure it will have a good welcome. When the Scotch is "Black & White" particularly warm approval is assured. Blended in the special "Black & White" way the extra quality of this grand Scotch Whisky makes it the most satisfying of all drinks.

BUCHANAN'S

'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment to the late King George VI — Scotch Whisky Distillers — James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland

AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

3.353

The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

most ambitious being the establishment of new settlements around Quebec selecting the neighborhood of Charlesbourg for the purpose. Forty houses were erected in three separate communities called Bourg Royal, Bourg la Reine and Bourg Talon. With Quebec still hopelessly crowded, there was an immediate demand for all of the houses. To show his faith in the plan, Talon bought a tract of the land himself. He had it cleared and erected thereon a large house, a barn and other farm structures.

A shrewd plan had suggested itself to Talon to make these new villages easy of defense. The tracts of land for individual use were cut in triangular shape like wedges of cheese. The houses were built at the narrow angle where the tips of all the tracts came together which provided a solid core of settlement at the centre with the shares of land widening as they progressed outward. Security was what prospective settlers demanded first of all and so this unique idea took hold at once. This was putting in concrete form a plan which was being tried out elsewhere and it established a pattern which persists to the present day. The very long and thin type of farm, with the farmhouse itself in close proximity to neighbors.

The King's "Own Children"

The settlers who swarmed to the Charlesbourg developments, to borrow a modern term, were given a supply of food to keep them going while clearing the stipulated two acres of land. They were paid something for their time as well and the necessary tools were supplied to them. In other words—a man could start with nothing save the will to make himself a landholder. The money to pay for all this came out of the King's Extraordinary Fund. One obligation was assumed by the new settlers: each must clear two acres of land on other tracts, to ease the strain on those who came later. On these terms the Talon villages began to fill up rapidly.

The King viewed these steps with paternal approval. As Colbert phrased it in one of his letters: "The King regards his Canadian subjects, from the highest to the lowest, as his own children." He wanted them to enjoy "the mildness and happiness of his reign." The Intendant was directed in order to make sure that this beneficent design was being observed to visit the people in all parts of the colony, "to perform the duties of a good head of the family" and so put the people to the way of "making some profit." It was a generous thought and the young monarch was to be commended for his intentions. Carried to an extreme later however the paternalistic design was to prove the basis of a cramping and irksome tyranny.

The resourceful Talon proceeded then to attack a problem created by the increase in population. An industrial background was needed to supply some of the necessities of life and at the same time to provide employment. He started the farmers to growing hemp and then created demands for the crop. This was done by an arbitrary method which, fortunately for all concerned, worked out very well. The hemp seed was distributed to landholders on the understanding that they must plant it at once and replace the seed next year from their own crops. In the meantime Talon went to all the shops and seized the supplies of thread. It was given out that thread could be secured only in exchange for hemp. As the mothers of growing families had to make clothes for their children, they either saw to it that their husbands raised hemp or went into the market and bought it. This highhanded procedure was maintained for a brief period only as it resulted in starting a steady crop of hemp and provided the demand for it at the same time.

It was very clear in the practical mind of the Intendant that the colony should reap some of the profits that fishermen from European ports were still sharing every season. Cod fishing stations were established along the lower St. Lawrence and the "take" was good from the very beginning. Settlers were encouraged to go out to the sea where the seal and the white porpoise could be caught. The oil extracted was a valuable commodity and could be sold readily on home markets, thus creating a balance for the purchase of needed goods in France.

One of his most ambitious moves was the creation of a shipbuilding plant at Quebec. New France, he contended, must no longer be entirely dependent for supplies on the ships which plied to and fro from French ports. The men of the colony must be in a position to venture out under their own sails and to establish trading connections with the French colonies in the West Indies. The first ship completed was at Talon's own expense. The coal of the second, a much more ambitious attempt, was borne by the King. The venture had provided the colony with an excellent vessel and had at the same time given employment to 150 men. It is recorded that in 1667 six vessels of various sizes and kinds were fleshed and put into use.

Having thus provided the colony with a thriving industry, the creative mind of the Intendant turned in another direction. The brandy trade was still a bitter bone of contention in the colony. There seemed no way of preventing independent traders from using it as their main item of barter and the colonists themselves liked it almost as well as the Indians. Talon conceived the idea that there would be less demand for brandy if fresh beer were available. He decided to build a brewery and, having every confidence that the plan would prove profitable, supplied the funds from his own purse. The idea found instant favor. In commenting on it, a correspondent in the Jesuit Relations spoke of the beer as "this other drink which is very wholesome and not injurious." The brewery had been erected in the St. Charles section of the town. This was in 1668 and three years later the Intendant reported the plant capable of producing 4,000 hogsheads of beer annually, although there is no indication this high level had been reached.

Hard Work the Only Key

In many of his letters to Colbert the Intendant stressed the need for livestock as a means of putting agriculture on a broader base. His demands fell on attentive ears. Increasing supplies of cattle, sheep and hogs were sent out. A few horses were supplied also. This led to the establishment of tanneries. To make use of the wool the housewives were given looms and this was the beginning of the carpet weaving which has been a characteristic activity in Quebec ever since. Potash was extracted from wood ash. Tar from the trees was collected and sent to France for sale.

The world still watched enviously as Spain grew ever richer on the easy gold of Mexico and Peru. North America had beaver skins and an abundance of sea fish but there was no easy profit in either field. Hard work and not luck was the key to financial returns there. The hope was never abandoned in France that ultimately Canada would provide natural resources from which wealth would flow eastward. This had always been behind the formation of the commercial companies to whom colonization had been entrusted.

Knowing this, Talon was always alert to any rumors of the discovery of mines. When it was reported that lead had been found on the Gaspé peninsula he had investigations made at once. The search proved unsuccessful. It was found that iron ore existed at Baie St. Paul which was sufficiently high grade to be profitable and immediate steps were taken to begin mining operations.

A thrill of excitement ran through the colony when it was rumored that coal had been found—and of all places in the Rock itself! The first trace of it had been stumbled on in the cellar of a house in Lower Town. Talon was swept along by the enthusiasm which had gripped the place and wrote to Colbert: "The coal is good enough for the forge. If the test is satisfactory I shall see to it that our vessels take out loads of it." He was seeing rosy visions: the colony well supplied with coal for the heating of homes, the shipbuilding industry receiving impetus on being freed of the necessity of buying coal from England. There was one drawback: if the shafts were carried into the heart of The Rock the security of Upper Town would be imperiled. Talon began to experiment with the possibility that the shafts could be extended in other directions. His last letters to France indicated that he was convinced the grade of coal being found burned well enough to be used at any rate for industrial purposes.

If there actually was coal in the Rock it is still there. After the initial excitement subsided Talon wrote no more reports favorable or otherwise. Any attempts at mining were abandoned. Even the location of the cellar where the initial discovery had been made was forgotten. It can be taken for granted that later tests had not been as encouraging as the first. It is even possible that the whole thing was a hoax.

The coal of Quebec has been a favorite topic of speculation down the years but no explanation of the mystery has been found.

Jesuit priests returned from the missionary fields with persistent stories of great copper mines and sometimes they brought specimens of the metal with them. These stories tantalized the Intendant with dreams of great wealth to please the King as well as the merchants of France who had never yet given wholehearted support to the colony.

The most exciting reports came from the islands formed by channels between Lake Huron and Lake Superior. Father Claude Dablon, who had been assigned to the Upper Algonquin missions, wrote a letter for the Relations which created an immense amount of excitement. Copper was to be found in great quantity, in particular on the island of Michipicoten. This fabulous isle had one drawback: it was a floating hill.

"*Marry them!*"

ordered the King of France,

and the bachelors of Quebec eyed

the bevies of plump damsels

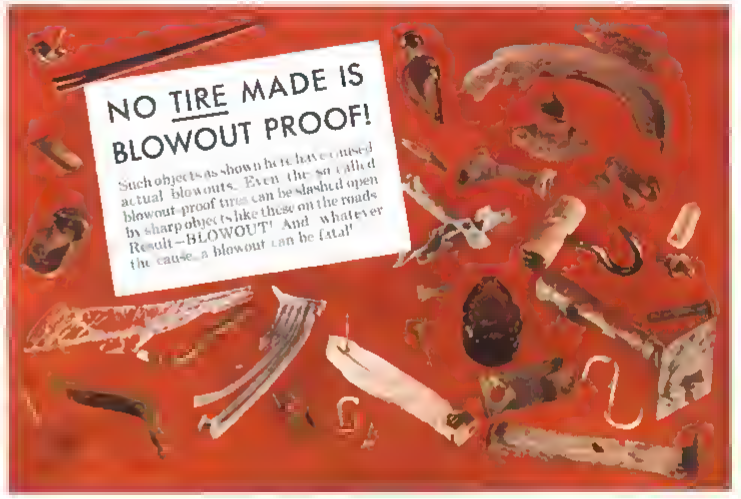
who came ashore at The Rock

Across the Atlantic had come

A Cargo of Brides



READ PART 9 OF THE WHITE AND THE GOLD BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN IN MACLEAN'S JULY 15 — ON SALE JULY 7



THERE IS STILL ONLY ONE PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUT HAZARDS

Many tires made nowadays are miraculously strong.

But don't make this mistake—don't think any *tire* will give you complete blowout protection — *because it won't.*

There is still only one protection against all blowout hazards—the LifeGuard Safety Tube *double air chamber principle*—protection proved by 19 years and millions of miles of driving.



You see a Goodyear LifeGuard is really *two* inner tubes, one inside the other (see diagram). The outer one can be ripped wide open—yet the *inner* one still holds plenty of air for a safe, controlled, straight line stop.

It's still true—*you can't buy better protection to save your life!*

SEALS PUNCTURES TOO! There's a puncture sealant in the NEW LifeGuards that fills small holes when you remove the puncturing objects. No loss of air pressure.

LIFEGUARDS COST LESS PER 1,000 MILES THAN ANY OTHER "BLOWOUT PROTECTION." LifeGuards are *economical* because they're good for 100,000 miles or more of safe driving! As your tires wear out, just have your Goodyear dealer transfer your LifeGuards from your old tires to your new ones. You can use the same set of LifeGuards in 3 or more sets of tires! Think of the saving — for such protection! They're the first insurance you should buy for your car. See your Goodyear dealer soon.

LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES

GOODYEAR

LifeGuard Reg. T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE JULY 1 1954

of ore and shallow vegetation never to be found in the same location because it shifted its position with the winds The Indians seldom went there because they regarded it as the home of evil spirits On one occasion some hardy natives ventured to pay it a visit and came back with large pieces of reddish metal which was found most useful in cooking food The squaws would heat it to a ruddy glow and then throw it into the kettles where it would set the water to boiling But they never went back for more As they paddled away from the shore on their one visit they heard a wrathful voice as loud as a thunderclap speak to them from the sky "Who," demanded this dread voice "are these robbers carrying off from me my children's cradles and playthings?" They knew it was the voice of Missabizi the evil god of the north winds, who thus complained that they were removing the slabs of bright metal which children liked to collect and which were sometimes used in the base of cradles The natives were careful not to arouse the wrath of the god again

More reliable reports about the abundance of copper began to come back as the missionaries pushed on farther west They found an island which did not exist with the winds and which Missabizi did not haunt but which had enormous stores of the metal It was called Minang (later named Isle Royale by the French) and the engineers who inspected it on Talon's orders found that its clay hills had large deposits of copper Father Dablon reported the existence there of a copper rock which he had seen with his own eyes and which weighed seven or eight hundred livres

In the spare little office he used (there was not yet in Quebec enough space to go around) Talon kept specimens of the copper on his plain oak desk among them as paperweights for the piles of letters and documents, with official seals dangling from them, which always lay in front of him They were both a challenge to him and a puzzle How was the wealth which had so long been sought But how could it be mined and smelted and brought from these far distant islands? Talon had plenty of plans for solving the difficulties By now visions no doubt of the copper islands so black with the smoke belching from smelters that even the wrathful eye of Missabizi would not be able to see what was going on He pictured fleets of flat-bottomed barges being towed all the way to Quebec through the Great Lakes He saw mills in the colony where the muzzles of great cannon would be cast for King Louis to use in his European wars.

If this resourceful man had lived a hundred years later he would have been able to solve the difficulties and to turn his dreams into actualities He might have converted French Canada into a busy industrial country As it was, he made the colony a going concern and created a background of prosperity and content But New France, still no more than a precarious toe hold on the edge of a continent, was not ready for a Talon

Courcelle Grew Disgruntled

What was Governor Courcelle doing while this energetic man of business turned the colony upside down and gathered the control of things into his own hands? Courcelle grew more antagonistic all the time and more ready to display his disgruntlement. He sat in the citadel behind the handsome rosewood desk which had been brought out from France, unhappily aware that it was more likely to have on its polished surface a set of chess men or a tric-trac board than communications from France The candles burning in the crystal chandelier above his head reflected the marks of chagrin which had become habitual on his features. Sometimes he lashed out furiously at the Intendant when they met to discuss business and often he followed his resentment to show in his letters to France

The reason for Talon's increase in official stature and the shrinkage in Courcelle's was easy to understand. The governor never lived down the failure of his invasion of the Mohawk country and the heavy losses which had resulted from his rashness It soon became apparent to Colbert also that when he referred matters to Talon they were attended to promptly and satisfactorily while in Courcelle's hands they dragged along interminably The notes which the King scribbled on the margins of the reports from New France (the busy monarch read them all carefully) and the decisions which were arrived at in the morning meetings of the royal council were referred therefore to the Intendant and not to the governor

Talon always knew what was going on in France and the latest ideas which had sprouted in the mind of the monarch. Courcelle was frequently in the dark. The governor often went to Talon for information even for instructions It was inevitable that Courcelle would complain to Colbert of the way he was being pushed aside Talon found it necessary at times to complain also of the jealousy of the governor and the obstructive attitude he was adopting

It must seem that the progress recorded in Talon's period of administration was the work of many years In point of fact he was in Canada for two terms, each of no more than three years It is no exaggeration to say that he had accomplished more in these brief years than all the officials glittering with jeweled orders and resplendent with lace and velvet, who had preceded him with one exception of course—Champlain

It was partly due to his frequent disagreements with Courcelle that Talon asked in 1668 to be recalled partly also to ill health and the need to attend to personal affairs in France Reluctantly the King agreed and in November of that year Talon sailed for home

A new Intendant sat after that in the small office with the plain furniture which had been made for Talon but, in actuality, the reins were never out of Talon's hands The King and Colbert saw to that Instead of engaging himself immediately in the enlightening out of his properties in France or in bolstering his health in the balmy airs of the south (he had always disliked cold weather) Talon was kept in constant attendance on his royal master The King's interest in Canada had been growing all the time and now he had available the one man who understood the problems of the colony intimately and could give advice out of that practical knowledge Day after day week after week the conferences went on between the two the ageing and lordly King, his ubiquitous minister and the new official who was supposed to be recuperating

During these protracted talks Talon succeeded in committing the King to a remarkable program In the first place Canada was removed from the control of the Company of the West Colbert may have jibed at this having been responsible for the company in the first place but Talon fought the issue vigorously making it clear that the money-grubbing merchants who composed the company had no concern for the welfare or the future of the colony



It was decided to reinforce the remnants of the Carignan regiment who remained under arms in New France with six companies of fifty men each and thirty officers, all of whom were expected to settle down in the country after their terms of enlistment were over.

In addition the King agreed to send two hundred more soldiers and a great list of supplies A steady program was laid out for the sending of "King's Girls" to provide the unmarried men of the colony with wives an initial shipment of 150 being arranged

One outcome of these extended deliberations was inevitable Talon had been a bare three months at home when he was reappointed to the post of Intendant He accepted the responsibility for the second time without any outward show of reluctance On July 15, with his new commission signed his brief instructions in his pocket he set sail from La Rochelle.

But he did not reach Canada that year The ship was buffeted about by a succession of heavy storms and finally had to put back to the port of Lisbon to be refitted and revictualled Starting out again they were wrecked in shoal water no more than three leagues out from port and those on board were rescued with great difficulty It was not until Aug 18 of the following year, 1670 that the Intendant arrived at Quebec for the second time

His mind was filled with plans of magnificent proportions, for he was confident now that he would have the backing of the King in anything he undertook. Above everything else he wanted to stimulate exploration His immediate task was to see that the steps already discussed with the King and duly ratified were properly carried out. The work involved was heavy and seemingly never ending The health of the Intendant was not good and it was clear from the start that the burden of so much detail weighed heavily upon him

It is easy to picture him at this important stage of his work seated at his desk his luxuriant and heavy wig removed and his hands clutching at lines of stress at his look and not too abundant hair his face grey and showing a multitude of lines He felt it wise to look after everything himself, leaving practically nothing to the initiative or luck of it, of his subordinates The division of the land was to be attended to as well as the wholesale bestowal of seigneurial rights which Talon took upon himself in the last few months of his second term There was, finally the matter of creating a proper system of education

For three years Jean Talon worked incessantly to accomplish all the things which had been discussed and agreed upon during the many conferences with the King By the fall of 1672 he had done as much as was humanly possible and the relationship with Courcelle had reached an irruptive stage

Talon again begged for his recall and again the request was granted. He was rewarded on his return with the title of Comte d'Orsainville and given an easy post as captain of Monemont Castle For twenty-two years he enjoyed the ease of this kind of existence but undoubtedly he longed at times for the excitement of life at Quebec He died March 24 1694 ★

NEXT ISSUE • PART NINE

A Cargo of Brides

Your wonderful NEW WAY to the OLD WORLD



For the most luxurious and exclusive FIRST CLASS service to EUROPE...

Fly TCA

SUPER Constellation

LUXURY *plus* ... AT FIVE MILES A MINUTE!

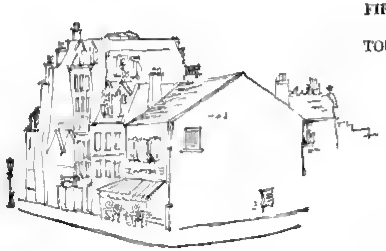
- Only nine passengers in spacious First Class accommodation.
- Special fully-reclining and foam-soft "Siesta Seats" *at no extra charge.*
- Exclusive club lounge for occasional and delightful "change of scene".
- Complimentary full-course meals, continental cuisine, your favourite refreshments
- Ever-attentive personalized service.

TCA also offers SUPER Constellation TOURIST Service—a new high in comfort at low fares!

MONTREAL to GLASGOW

FIRST CLASS—$367.00 one way
$660.60 return

TOURIST—$269.00 one way,
$482.40 return



See your Travel Agent, Railway Ticket Office or TCA Office:

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.

Our Story...



...in porcelain!

"Evangeline's Acadian Gardens" Chinaware

The story of Evangeline is the motif of this enchanting China. Designed in Canada fashioned in English Bone China by Crown Staffordshire Potteries the delicate colouring and exquisite craftsmanship make this Chinaware a jewel in homes where beauty and elegance are appreciated.

Available in complete Teaware and Dinnerware, it is specially suitable as a gift for all occasions Cup and Saucer $1.95 5 pc Place Setting $9.65 Ask your China Dealer to show you this

Poem in Porcelain

Designed and Imported by Palmerton Ltd., Montville Nova Scotia (In the Land of Evangeline)



An occasion for celebrating!

When a year of faithful work pays off with a vacation you deserve a celebration with *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale It's brewed especially for occasions like this, with a lightness that will make tomorrow as happy as today—combined with all the body and character traditionally Labatt's. Enjoy yourself! And remember—feeling thirsty is enough occasion for a bottle or better still a case of *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale. John Labatt Limited

THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO LABATT'S



"I retired last year . . . with 'Chicken Feed'."

"Lots of people talk about retiring in the country . . . but I'm actually doing it. When I retired, either. I just saved regularly at The Dominion Bank. Only a little each week — what you'd call 'chicken feed.' But over the years it mounted up, and now I have my little country place at last."

Whether you're saving for future security, or for present expenditures, you'll get your objectives much sooner by saving at The Dominion Bank. Come in soon! You'll find that thrift is a pleasure, at the Dominion Bank.

THE DOMINION BANK

83 YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE CANADIAN PEOPLE





When the Cops Were Casing the Cops

DRAWING BY RON SEXTON

IN 1883 Rat Portage (now Kenora, Ont.) had two complete sets of civic officials: there were two mayors, two magistrates, two groups of councilors and two police forces. The town was incorporated under the laws of Ontario and also under a Manitoba statute, in each case as it was claimed, "in response to the unanimous appeal of the residents." Each side claimed to be the "duly constituted government" and the rival police forces proceeded to arrest each other. The officials of one side or the other were continually in the local lock-up from which they would be promptly sprung by loyal supporters.

This state of chaos was just fine for bona fide lawbreakers. When a constable of either side attempted to make an arrest he was himself promptly arrested.

It all started in 1882 when the government of John A. Macdonald extended the boundaries of Manitoba eastward almost to Fort William, in spite of the fact that much of this territory had been awarded Ontario by a boundary commission of 1878. Rat Portage then became the centre of a struggle between Premier John Norquay of Manitoba and Premier Oliver Mowat of Ontario, with Macdonald holding the coats and egging Norquay on. "Take a manly stand," he wrote, "and you will have all the support I can give you." John A. then disallowed the Ontario statute organizing a government and gave his blessing and full authority to the Manitoba administration.

Mowat's men promptly arrested the interlopers. Norquay described the scene in his official report. "On the night of the 28th of July while town constables McMurphy and Rideout were engaged in arresting disorderly persons on the streets of Rat Portage they were themselves forcibly put under arrest by parties claiming to be authorized by the Province of Ontario. Manitobans then organized an expedition from Winnipeg which succeeded not only in releasing the policemen, but in capturing the entire Ontario force which was brought back to Winnipeg and proudly displayed in the jail of the provincial capital."

This was too much for Mowat. He wrote: "Acts such as these would between independent states have been a declaration of war which the aggressor desired to be carried on with ruthlessness and enmity."

Fortunately it never came to that although the seesaw battle went on from July until the end of November. Both sides then agreed to arbitration by the law lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and worked out a complicated system for joint government while the case was pending.

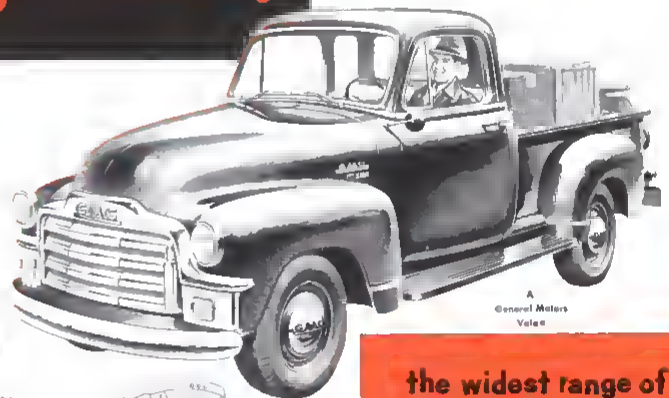
The case came up in 1885 and Mowat overwhelmed the Manitoba counsel with the weight of his legal learning. Rat Portage was restored to Ontario and the boundary between the two provinces fixed where it is now.

M. S. DONNELLY

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadanecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Hitting the Jackpot in every weight class!

No two ways about it. Only GMC offers everything you want in a truck. Here—and here alone—can you choose from such a wide range of carrying capacities, power plants, transmissions and axles. Here, also, you get more loading space, more comfort (in GMC's exclusive COMFORTMASTER cabs), more outstanding chassis features . . . more of all the important details to make your operation more efficient and more economical. Yes, a 1954 GMC truck—outcome of years of intensive study, engineering, styling and research—offers unsurpassed quality, dependability and value. Find out the facts from your GMC dealer today!



A General Motors Value

GMC ½ to 2-ton trucks will have the famous Valve-in-Head economy engines plus tougher frames to carry the load at lower operating cost.



GMC M-450 and M-470 in the 4 and 5-ton class bring you exclusive Hydra-Matic plus Valve-in-Head power and redesigned Comfortmaster cabs.



the widest range of truck power plants, transmissions and axles on the market!



From the 5 ton class up, no matter how great the load or how tough the operating condition, GMC has the right truck engineered for the job.



A forward control GMC with more load space and greater carrying capacity.



In panels or pick-ups, GMC has the right truck for the job—available with standard or Hydra-Matic transmission.

*Hydra-Matic transmission optional at extra cost.



GMC 2- and 3-ton trucks, all with Comfortmaster cabs, haul the load on any road for less.

GET A REAL TRUCK



GMC TRUCKS
SYMBOL OF QUALITY

A model for every hauling need

OTTAWA as it used to be

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

MPs the civil-service officials and their wives looked down on the Ottawa aborigines as "no better than backwoodsmen."

Both sides were equally snubbed by the first Confederation Governor General Lord Monck. The whole city turned out to welcome him and authorities planned a parade for him through the streets. Lord Monck disdainfully declined to take part; his stay in Ottawa developed into a cold war with the citizens as described thus by the Ottawa *Times* in 1868:

"From that day, whether on private or public business, His Excellency Lord Monck passed through our streets without the slightest recognition. We have no doubt that such treatment was most congenial to His Lordship's feelings."

It was the beginning of a "warm or cold" relationship between Ottawa and the various representatives of the throne through the years depending on the personality of the governor-general. The Earl of Dufferin, who was appointed in 1872, was a congenial man and immediately popular. He liked to walk about the city as a private citizen, and once when strolling along the bank of the Ottawa River in early spring he joined a group of men who were watching the passage of ice cakes down the river with great concentration.

Lord Dufferin discovered that the men were making bets on the exact time a given ice floe would pass a certain point. After looking on for a while the Governor General asked if he could join in the game. The members of the group had no idea who he was, and let him join. In half an hour the Earl had lost all the money he was carrying; the other men had been playing the game every spring for years and were familiar with the entrants.

When the game was over Lord Dufferin suggested casually: "Come up to my house for something to get the dampness out of our bones." His companions gladly agreed, but when he led them into the main entrance of Rideau Hall they came to an abrupt halt. "Good God, man," one of the group exclaimed, "you'll have us all thrown out on our ears."

"I assure you," answered Dufferin, "that you will be very welcome." And they were, with drinks and pipes.

In the middle of the century, about the time of its termination from Bytown into Ottawa, the city was scarcely prepossessing. One visitor described it this way:

"There has been as yet no time to pave the streets and in bad weather they are in desperate condition. Only near the houses there are run what are called 'plank roads.' As for gardens, fruit trees or flowers, on one has had time so much to think of them—and the old rough boulders and masses of rock are lying about still among the groups of houses, and firs and other trees are springing up again out of the stumps and thick underwood that may occasionally give shelter to a bear."

Since Bytown houses were almost all of wood, coal oil lamps were used for illumination; fires were frequent. To fight them the town had three fire companies and a hook-and-ladder company, all volunteers. Although many young men envied the firemen, there were many citizens who complained bitterly that the fire companies "took more interest in dressing up for parades and consuming vast quantities of ale" than in fighting fire. Certainly the volunteers were always ready to lead a parade to escort a political candidate with fife and drum, or to put on an exhibition of water pumping on any public occasion. This led to the Bytown *Gazette* observing when the hook and ladder brigade failed to turn up at a fire:

"Were it a grand turn out, or torchlight procession, we should find them in full force in their sky blue regimentals and silver lace . . ."

A rival publication, however, came to the firemen's aid. "Notwithstanding the efficiency of the brigade their efforts almost invariably are of comparatively little effect on account of the difficulty of getting a constant supply of water. On the first alarm of fire will be seen an army of water carts . . . the cartmen are paid by the city so much a load. It may possibly be the case that the water barrels look badly, as they are generally only about half full by the time they reach the engine to supply it."

Whatever its efficiency in battling fires, Bytown's gaudily dressed volunteers, by their frequent public appearances, probably justified their existence for the innocent entertainment they afforded. For there was little enough of that available in the town, excepting political meetings and horse races. Perhaps for that reason fighting was regarded almost as a sport and the mighty fighters were held in much the same light as athletic heroes of today.

Probably the greatest of all Bytown battlers was Joseph Montferrand, a giant French Canadian generally called "Joe Mufere." Joe held the title of Bully of the Ottawa for close to forty years and tales of his prowess are still told around campfires wherever loggers gather.

His most famous fight has been described by Capt. John Currie, who skippered a river boat for many years. "Joe was once bringing up on my boat some eighty men to take down a raft. These men got to drinking, and rushing up on deck took possession of the boat. Joe was lying down, but I quickly called him. He came out like a roaring giant. I have seen wild beasts when roused but they were as nothing compared to this man. He began to pile those men into one corner as if they were sticks of chaff. They were not even as children in his hands. I could never have believed that any mortal could be possessed of such strength."

Once Joe and a few companions were set upon by a gang of Irishmen on the Chaudière Falls bridge. After knocking down half a dozen opponents with his fists, Joe grabbed one unfortunate Irishman by the heels and using him as a flail he whirled him around, mowing down his assailants as if he were threshing wheat.

Ottawa had scarcely become the capital of the new nation of Canada than the city was the scene of what remains the most famous crime in Canadian history. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a Father of Confederation and one of the ablest statesmen in Canada, delivered a speech at a late sitting of the first session of the first parliament. It was past two in the morning when he turned the key in the door of his lodging house on Sparks Street. But before he could open the door someone crept up behind him and fired a pistol through his head. He fell dead.

McGee, Irish by birth, had denounced Fenianism so strongly that many compatriots branded him a traitor to Ireland. Working on this clue, police rounded up known or suspected Fenian sympathizers. Among them was Patrick James Whelan, a little Irish tailor who was alleged to have made threats on McGee's life. On this basis, and on the testimony of a man who claimed to have seen the crime and recognized Whelan as the murderer, he was convicted and hanged—the last public hanging in Canada. For years doubts lingered in many minds that Whelan's execution solved the murder of D'Arcy McGee.

When Bytown grew to a population of 10,000 in 1855 and became a city named Ottawa, Colonel George Hey, a leading citizen and a man of action and energy, decided that Ottawa needed a civic coat of arms. Since he had himself suggested Ottawa's new name, after the Outaouis Indians who once paddled the waters of the river—who was then better fitted to design the new crest?

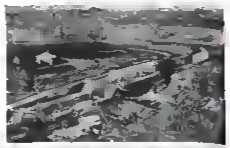
What Col. Hey devised was a quartered crest, supported on one side by a figure representing the dignity of labor and on the other by a female figure representing justice. Beneath the crest was the exhortation: "Advance!" Into the cost of arms itself the ingenious colonel crammed the following items: an adze or broadaxe, representing the squared timber trade; a beehive, representing industry; a plow and a sheaf of wheat, representing plenty; a locomotive representing rail transportation; a picture of the Ottawa locks and river, portraying transportation by water; a rural scene, indicating a country blessed by sunshine, timber and game; the Chaudière Falls, representing water power; a rose, a thistle and a shamrock, representing the three races making up the British connection.

This fabulous crest seems to have been accepted at the time with pride. But as the city grew it found enemies who described it variously as a "monstrosity," a "horror" and "a thing to frighten small children with." One critic pointed out that the crest was not official since it had never been registered with the College of Arms in Heraldic and another countered that this "startling hodge podge of ill-assorted atrocities would send the College of Heraldry off its head." From time to time through the years there have been other sniping.

Despite all these harsh words, however, Ottawa's crest is still the symbol of the capital. Said one relenting opponent: "It may be homely but it is unique—and it certainly provides a wealth of clues to the city's past." ★

Here's how it all looks today









RIDEAU FALLS photos 100 years apart depict lumbering's rise and decline. Huge mill built after early photo was taken now contains overflow of government departments.

OTTAWA'S HEART in 1860 (top) and now. Surviving buildings, the Albion Hotel and the county jail, are hidden by Parliament's East Block, the Chateau Laurier and Union Station.



COL. JOHN BY unwittingly founded Canada's capital.



OTTAWA'S CREST crammed with symbols, has survived a century of cries of "monstrosity!" and "atrocity!"



By Appointment
Gin Distillers
To the Late King George VI
Tanqueray Gordon & Co. Ltd.

there's no gin like Gordon's

IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND
AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

M6K



Thirsty?
...TRY A PILSENER

Call that a beak? It's more like a beaker! And oh! for a beakerful of sparkling Pilsener. The lightness of Pilsener—lighter than ale—allows you to take deep draughts. And the unique dryness—drier even than lager—cures thirst like magic. The first refreshing trickle quickly turns a thirsty throat into a source of pleasure! Try Labatt's Pilsener today—at home or in your favourite hotel or tavern.
John Labatt Limited

The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters from seven other breweries. Made to the original Pilsen formula with yeast specially flown from Europe. See the BACK of the label.

THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

the conversation of Albert Nordheimer and his uncle.

It is difficult for me to deal with the question of drink because as Methodists our family used whisky only as a cure for colds. There were times when my father complained of a cold without displaying any obvious symptoms, but under mother's keen eye I imagine that a quart of whisky lasted us for a year.

There were public houses that stayed open as long as there were any thirsty citizens about, and on the 12th of July, following the procession, there were lots of street fights as drunken Protestant zealots tried to pound the light of truth into the skulls of the Catholic unbelievers.

But broadly speaking the drink habit was not as universal as it has become today. If a young chap got drunk at a party he became something of a social pariah. The whisper went around: "He drinks" which actually was a whisper of death. Incidentally, to this day in England a young man who cannot carry his liquor has a bad time. He is looked upon as a bore and a lout.

But those were the days in Canada long before the experiment of Prohibition was to make drinking an adventure instead of something normal and pleasant. The vast absurdity of drinking by law in a hotel bedroom and being denied a glass of wine in the dining room had not yet been thrust upon Canada.

Boy Singer in an Upper

An amusing young Canadian said to me during my tour last year: "I drink because otherwise I could not endure my own conversation. Then I drink some more to make the other fellows' conversation endurable." Personally I would rather listen to the chatter of monkeys than the whiskied monologues of people who have drunk too much.

Memory is apt to be a great liar and, therefore, we must not put too much trust in it. But when we are young the impressions and impacts of life are vivid and enduring. I can recall every detail of the time when as a boy singer, I occupied an upper berth on the train from Toronto to North Bay—whereas I can often vague about last week or even yesterday.

Trains — What magic things they are! At Grimsby Park on the other side of Lake Ontario we five young Baptists used to wait in the evening by the railway track until the first faint vibration told us that the Niagara-Toronto Express would soon thunder past us. When it did we would catch a glimpse of millionaires dining in the restaurant car with waiters serving them as if they were emperors.

Commercial travelers? No sir. They were millionaires, all of them. To this day I have an incurable love of trains. Where else can you have the sense of comfort and motion of the same time? Instead of dragging death on the roads or flying so high that beautiful lakes become nothing but tiny, dirty pools on a chess board, you luxuriate in the billowing fields, the curving roads, the lonely cottages and the distant purple hills.

Whatever the faults and shortcomings of Canada in the early years of the twentieth century it can now be seen that the Canadian character and the Canadian way of life were definitely taking form. Puritanism always breeds a strong virile race and, unlike the old civilizations, the sexes are clearly divided in a young country.

Undoubtedly decadence and decay are great fertilizers of the arts but youth and normality are needed for the physical development of a new country. The individualism of the Canadian was not only to find expression in two terrible wars but was to give the strength that would make the forests give up their treasure.

I pay tribute to all this because Canada would be nothing but an appendage of the U.S.A. if there had not been the courage of the pioneer, the strength of the engineer, the skill of the scientist and the faith of the dreamer who knew there was something just behind the ranges and that he must find it.

But what of the incipient artists—the poets and painters of the civilization to come? If the readers of Maclean's (even including "Disgusted" of Winnipeg) will bear with me I want to say a word or two about the effect of those early years in Canada on my career as a writer in London.

In my autobiography Strange Street, the first section ends with these words:

> And I born in the city was seeing the pageant of nature in all the glory of the Canadian countryside. It needs no imaginative effort to feel the blazing summer sun on this page as I write, nor see the dust rising from parched mud roads ... and Harvest Moon when the stacks of hay stand like pyramids and the fields are close cropped like a German's head ... colder winds and shortening days the brief reprieve of Indian Summer then frost that plunges like a knife into the earth and sends the leaves blood red ... smoking leaves and dull death all about until the snow comes like a shroud ... sunshine on the frozen lakes. Winter is long, long sleep. Then Spring the first glimpse of the green and the blood leaping in the pulses to meet it.

My purpose in traveling about the country was to sell pianos to prevailing purchasers but the splendor and vividness of the Canadian scene created a longing to paint it in words. Night after night in a hotel bedroom I would write until my eyes could remain open no longer. Yet when Thomas B. Costain published my first story in Maclean's it was pretty poor stuff.

Perhaps there is no background more stimulating to the writer as London. Not long ago I stood on the landing stage of Westminster Pier and watched the Queen come back from foreign parts to her home town. It was on the same spot that the hairy Britons gazed with awe at the invading Romans. On the opposite bank Shakespeare led his band of players in the Globe Theatre and wrote back pieces like Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet to keep them going until he could get another play ready.

At the Cheshire Cheese Dr. Johnson drank gallons of beer and dispensed the wisdom of the ages. At the Debtors' Prison in Fleet Street young Charles Dickens would visit his feckless father and then walk home to his lonely bedroom in Camden Town.

London is at once the capital of the world—and a village. Shaftesbury Avenue is Main Street, the Savoy is the local pub, the Houses of Parliament are like the village store in Canada many years ago when fellows would sit round the fire in the dead of winter and tell stories to each other.

Wealth does not count for much in the magic centre of London. You must be able to pay your way—or get someone else to pay it—but personality is the real coinage. A wit is acclaimed even if he is lunged with malice. A poet ranks higher than a stockbroker and beauty is rated above virtue. There is more democracy in the magic centre of London than in some Oriental small towns. The gates are open to anyone who can bring something to the arts of self-expression. The newcomer is welcomed and no tears are wasted if he fails to hold his place.

The centuries have built up their riches and we who live here are the beneficiaries. I think it was Chesterton who said that the man who is tired of London is tired of life. Yet Stephen Leacock, English born and taken to Canada by his parents when he was six years old, and returning to England throughout his life on lecture tours found the Canadian scene more stimulating than London. His Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town will be a classic in the centuries to come. Our great-great grandchildren will read of the life of Orillia as pictured by Leacock and will learn more from his fun than from a dozen drill history books. Who can fail to be thrilled by the story of how the Mariposa Belle sank in—was it five feet of water? And which of us has not stayed at the wonderful hotel where the proprietor was determined to open a Girl Room?

Even Toronto!

It is interesting in this old Town of London to hear returning Britons talk of Canada. They go all starry eyed as if they had been to some magic land beyond the Himalayas. They even praise Toronto and think it is a great place.

One of the most fiery fellows in London is Malcolm Muggeridge, who became editor of Punch two years ago and has brought it to life again. He went to Canada a couple of months ago and on his return gave me such a description of you all that I nearly decided to emigrate. "What did you like best?" I asked him. "The people," he replied immediately.

Unless science destroys the world Canada will be able to draw the best human stock from Europe. These immigrants will find a real democracy, a society where neighbors are concilcate to each other's mind where achievement is esteemed above ancestry, a friendly people who have never threatened any other country and whose gates are open to the courageous and the dreamers of other lands.

A strange diffident remittance Englishman came out to Toronto in 1912. He was a bit of a writer, a bit of a painter and more than a bit of a drinker. One day he sat down at a piano and sang to his own thunderous chords these words:

> A land with glorious sunshine blest,
> Where Freedom reigns from East to West,
> A land o'er all the world the best
> Is Canada my home.
>
> There grows the world-famed golden wheat,
> There lie the prairies scented sweet,
> There mountains, lakes and rivers meet
> In Canada my home.
>
> Rule, rule with power and with might,
> Thou whose hopes are so bright,
> May Peace and Happiness unite
> In Canada my home.

The words come back to me across the wastes of time. He had little to bring to Canada. He was a candle that was nearly spent. He had found Canada too late, but he caught the vision of what Canada was to mean to the harassed people of the Old World.

Perhaps after all, the twentieth century *will* belong to Canada. ★

SAFETY IS NO ACCIDENT
...It all depends on you!

Because you are the driver who causes accidents—or prevents them. When driving—think of the pedestrian. When walking—think like a driver.



The driver behind you is no mind reader—always signal when making a turn, stopping or slowing down. It's more fun being alive than being a statistic!



Don't be tempted to pass on the wrong side to save time—you may end up with more time than you know what to do with!



You're heading for trouble when you pass on a hill—it's the car you can't see that can kill you!

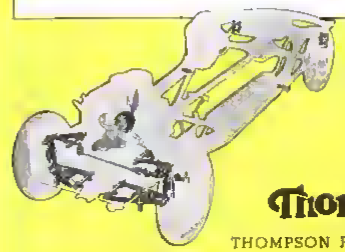


'Right of Way' sounds different from a hospital bed. Slow down for all intersections and be safe.

KNOW YOUR STOPPING SPEEDS

These stopping speeds apply to DRY pavement only. Keep these distances in mind and drive safely.

20 MPH — 2½ CAR LENGTHS TO STOP
30 MPH — 5 CAR LENGTHS TO STOP
40 MPH — 8 CAR LENGTHS TO STOP
50 MPH — 12 CAR LENGTHS TO STOP
60 MPH — 16 CAR LENGTHS TO STOP



Far over 50 years Thompson Products' engineers and metallurgists have been working constantly with automobile builders to improve engine and chassis parts—to make cars safer, faster, better, longer lasting and more economical to operate.

Thompson Products
THOMPSON PRODUCTS LTD • ST CATHARINES ONT



Discover how satisfying a

Cream Lager

can be!

Next time, try the cream of lagers—ask for Cinc. You'll smile approval when you discover this different lager, with its rich, creamy, satisfying taste!

BRADING'S

Cincinnati Cream LAGER

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

tracks run right through the centre of town. The beautiful Chaudière Falls, into which even the savage Algonquins of Champlain's day cast reverent offerings of tobacco, are almost entirely concealed by tumble-down old factories. An unsightly array of gasometers and coal dumps is the view of Ottawa from the east; from the west, between one of the best residential districts and Parliament Hill, you pass through a railway yard a grubby industrial section and some of the city's worst slums.

The business of government is not carried on entirely in the stately Gothic pile of the Parliament Buildings and the gleaming marble halls of the Supreme Court. The Government spends nearly $2 millions a year in rentals in Ottawa—119 leases in 115 buildings ranging from the beautiful (but unsuitable) seminary which houses the RCMP to the rickety rat-infested fire-hazardous old mill in which the National Film Board somehow contrives to make prize winning films.

To get rid of this unsightly mess the Government has already spent or committed in one way or another more than $50 millions in the last six or seven years.

This is not the first, it's the third attempt to make a real national capital out of Bytown—but it's the first that escaped being smothered at birth by a world war—touch wood. The Holt Commission of 1913 made many recommendations which are still to be carried out; the Greber Plan of 1937 was drafted by the same man who is now consultant to the National Capital Planning Committee. But only since 1947 have large dollops of money been spent in a properly co-ordinated effort to make Ottawa look like the capital it has become, and only now are the results of these outlays beginning to show.

Most of the money has gone for new buildings, only two or three of which have been completed. All of them, the finished and the unfinished alike, had to be submitted to the architects and planners of the Federal District Commission for approval of site, size and general style. No uniform plan has been imposed or even attempted, but no department is permitted to rear the general scheme by a building out of harmony with its surroundings.

No department may erect a building high enough to mar the skyline panorama of Parliament Hill. No department may save a few dollars on its own estimates (as some have tried to do) by using cheap materials for windows or trim which would deteriorate into ugliness after a few years. No department may build on an unsuitable site as many have done in the past—the Victoria Museum, for example, which houses the National Art Gallery at present, was built on blue clay in the 1890s and has sunk 18 inches in sixty years.

Besides policing the building programs of all government departments, the Federal District Commission has also spent or committed about $15 millions in direct outlays on city improvement and city planning.

EVEN PEOPLE WHO LIVE in Ottawa may be hardly aware of what has been done in the past five years. For instance, we still have five sets of railway tracks running through town and blocking all but a few streets in the central districts. Many of us don't know that the worst of these, the CNR's east west track, has already been taken over by the Federal District Commission. Seven miles of it has been torn up from the outskirts of Ottawa to nearby South Merch. The tracks through Ottawa itself will remain undisturbed until the Commission has bought up enough land along the right-of-way to build a through boulevard (which needs a strip more than twice as wide as the railway's property) but at least, in the meantime no more trains are running there.

It will be a long time, perhaps twenty years, before the plan is completed and every strip of railway in mid-town replaced by a motor thoroughfare. The job can't be hurried because the industries now using these rail services can't be moved out to the edge of the city until there are facilities there for them to use—not only rail service but water, sewers and so on. But enough has been done to take the National Capital Plan far past the point of no return and to convince the most cynical sceptic that this time, at last, the Government intends to finish the job.

No one cares to give an official estimate of how much the entire project will cost. The National Capital Fund set up in 1948 amounts to $25 millions ($2.5 millions a year for ten years) and sixty percent of that is already spent or committed. Undoubtedly more will be needed—guesses run anywhere between $50 millions and $100 millions for the grand total. This does not mean, however, that the taxpayer must foot any such enormous bill. To a very large extent the National Capital Plan will be self-liquidating.

Whenever the Federal District Commission has extended its driveway system (on which $28 millions have been spent since 1899) the value of contiguous property has gone up like a rocket. Houses on Island Park Drive, for example, may bring more than twice as much as dwellings the same size a couple of blocks away.

Profiting by this lesson the Federal District Commission now intends to buy up not only the land required for its new thoroughfares but the contiguous land as well. This can be resold or leased after the improvements have been made so that the enormous profit will go to the taxpayer and not to the lucky individual who happens to own the land. Already the Commission has shown how to deal with anticipatory hold ups from landowners in the early stages—one of its major parkways has been shifted to a different route because greedy proprietors tried to drive too hard a bargain along the original route.

NATIONAL CAPITAL planning has helped to revive another personal Ottawa project—a movement for some form of commission government over the whole federal district.

The national capital area, as defined by present legislation, covers 900 square miles and thirty separate and autonomous municipalities. Two thirds of these municipalities are in Ontario and under the authority of Queen's Park; the others are in Quebec under the authority of Premier Duplessis. Many important projects for development of the capital district require the co-operation of all at once.

Water pollution is a good example. All Ottawa Valley cities and towns, including the capital itself, now dump raw sewage into a once-beautiful river. To provide proper sewage control for the capital district would cost about $23 millions, a sum to which the Federal District Commission is willing and anxious to make substantial contributions.

But there would be little point in setting up a costly sewage plant in Ottawa itself if Hull, Aylmer, Gatineau Mills and a dozen other municipalities continued to empty their sewers and industrial waste into the same stream. And although everyone is in favor of cleanliness in principle, the practical difficulty of getting 32 separate authorities to act in unison is almost insuperable.

With this and other similar schemes in mind, an influential group is urging the federal Government to invite Ontario and Quebec into conference on some method of central administration for the capital district. Sponsors hope that the invitation would be issued at the very top; that Prime Minister St. Laurent himself would talk the matter over with Premiers Leslie Frost and Maurice Duplessis.

It's not suggested that these eminent gentlemen should themselves devise a system of capital government. The hope is merely that they would lend their personal authority and prestige to a study, probably by a jointly chosen royal commission, of the whole problem and of various ways in which it might be solved.

Whether they succeed or not, Ottawa sponsors are hoping to get action before fall. That would make it possible to hold a referendum on the idea simultaneously with the Ottawa civic elections next December. ★



"I'll have him call you the second he gets in."



The yarns used by Canada's great knit wear industry are the dreams of yesterday come true. Pure wool is still the most important raw material of the knit wear industry, but subtle blends of pure wool and the fabulous fibres of the test tube result in longer life and harder wearing characteristics. Also available is a wider range of colors, with additional emphasis on those important, though intangible qualities of comfort and style. Canada's knit wear industry has come a long way in the last quarter century, and Canadian knitting companies which produce everything that knitting skill has so far devised advertise in the nation's leading magazines. In their magazine advertising they tell the story of the new yarns, and they describe the beautiful products which are produced in Canadian factories.

From their dreams they have fashioned reality, and they choose magazines, the completely factual advertising medium, to tell the fascinating story of their products.

THE MAGAZINE ADVERTISING BUREAU OF CANADA

21 DUNDAS SQUARE • TORONTO 1, CANADA

if you've never quite lost your spirit of adventure



THIS HISTORIC SCOTCH IS FOR YOU because our Best Procurable is a genuine link with the lusty days of the 18th Century. Because of its rare flavour. Best Procurable reminded the private stock of our company officers for more than a century. But you can enjoy this unusually fine Scotch today. Ask for Hudson's Bay Best Procurable. The spirit of adventure.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

HUDSON'S BAY

Best Procurable

SCOTCH WHISKY

Look What They've Done to the Mounties

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

of the knowledge about them is either grossly exaggerated or pure myth.

The RCMP is often compared with the FBI in the U.S., a comparison that's not very enlightening. There are three main types of police in Canada—federal, provincial and municipal. The Mounties act to all three. Right across the country they enforce some 95 laws which chiefly concern the federal government (income tax evasion, smuggling, etc.). They have signed contracts with all provinces except Ontario and Quebec to act as provincial or rural police. By request of the municipalities they police 120 cities and towns. Add to this their role in policing the Northwest Territories which are under federal jurisdiction and the Mounties are unique.

They're the G-Men, the T-Men, the U.S. Coastal Patrol, the Texas Rangers and Scotland Yard rolled into one. Like the G-Men and T-Men they track down space drug peddlers and counterfeiters. They convert mine-sweepers about to be the end of disabled vessels like the U.S. Coastal Patrol. On the prairies where anything still goes on occasionally their role is much like that of the Texas Rangers. And like Scotland Yard in London they walk a city beat.

As town, city, provincial, federal and frontier police they've more duties than any police force in the world. In R.C. the Mounties and the provinces they're game wardens, fish and trees inspectors, shipping registrars and census takers. In the Yukon and Northwest Territories, where public officials are few and far between, they're magistrates, postmasters, coroners, sheriffs, customs collectors, immigration inspectors, measuring surveyors and tax collectors. They issue licenses for dogs, furs, guns, mining claims, timber and cars, report on the weather, pay out Family Allowances and perform marriages.

They search the world police to its limits. When a lion escaped from a traveling show in 1950 and began to prowl the main street of Ryecroft, Alta., the RCMP Spirit River detachment had to stalk the beast and shoot it. When the Alaska Highway opened for traffic the Mounties had to cope with the influx of ancient decrepit vehicles which had run out of gas and whose owners had run out of cash. When a foreign dignitary visits Canada it's the RCMP who have to protect him. They have proudly done this so well that ex-President Truman said regretfully as he left: "I'd like to take the Mounties back with me." An idea which Elizabeth and Philip carried out after the Royal Tour when they took Assistant Commissioner Melvill F. C. Anthony and four of their RCMP bodyguards back to London as their guests.

No Mountie thinks his job is glamorous. In the crime labs at Ottawa and Regina 72 Mounties work a nine to five routine with white smocks over their uniforms. They peer through microscopes at a cartridge fired from a killer's gun or a bloodstained garment or fur at a strand of hair found in the hand of a dead woman or fingernails they run a chemical test on the contents of a suicide's stomach. But they think the girls carefully in the exhibits go back in the safe have appealing work, but it's strictly [illegible].

One used in the crime lab used to run for his bus every morning. He would grab his brief case in one hand, forage cap in the other and kiss his wife good-by as he ran out the door. One day in the lab absorbed in an interesting bit of work, he let five o'clock pass by unnoticed. Suddenly another Mountie opened the lab door, stuck his head in and yelled: "The bus is leaving!" The startled lab man jumped up, snatched his brief case and hat, kissed his sergeant and sprinted after the bus.

In the new five-story grey stone headquarters on the outskirts of Ottawa (built as a Catholic seminary and rented by the force) Commissioner Leonard Hanson (Nick) Nicholson and his top brass make police policy and from the work of 678 uniformed, desk ridden Mounties and 546 civilians mostly girls. The supply branch sees that the men are fed, clothed, sheltered and mobile (25 ships, 10 aircraft, 1 071 motor cars, 78 trucks, 62 motor cycles, four snowmobiles and 178 horses—for boar training only). The Fingerprint Bureau is the section that registers firearms, the crime index section where criminals records are filed and the monthly Police Gazette which publishes pictures of Canada's most wanted criminals are quietly busy serving

"Possibly the Mounties are the smallest cops in the western world"

police forces all across the country. The Criminal Investigation Branch handles the paper work on all serious cases—arson, armed robbery, major frauds, murder. They see where two narcotics cases 2 000 miles apart may be the work of one syndicate; they read the signs that indicate a revival of illicit liquor manufacture. The staff of C Division, headed by Supt. Henry Larson of Northwest Passage fame, manages affairs in the north. And up on the fifth floor the very hush-hush Special (counter-espionage) Branch trades reports of enemy aliens with other intelligence services, translates the published news from behind the Iron Curtain and tries to fit it in with the findings of their own undercover men. The almost ghost-like buildings of military and riflemen officers and sergeants eat in separate messes, constables and civilians line up in the basement cafeteria.

The scope of the RCMP and the vast terrain its men patrol—1 600 000 square miles—have exerted an impression that the force is large. Actually there are only 6 432 men, about the same number as the police force of Detroit. New York City has close to 20 000 policemen.

Mounties aren't even big individually. The popular idea of the tall, broad-shouldered Mountie is a leftover from the days when a policeman had to be able to kick down a saloon door and break up a brawl. By taking only big men the RCMP found it was getting too much brawn and too little brain power. An anthropologist was consulted on the height of the average Canadian. Just under five feet, eight inches, he reported. So the RCMP made five feet, eight inches its minimum requirement. Physically the Mounties are the smallest police force in the western world.

Perhaps the biggest misconception has been bred by the movies which have never let the RCMP grow up. Without exception Hollywood has placed its red-coated heroes at the force's infancy, in the fabulous era of the North West Mounted Police. In the 1870s the country west of Winnipeg had just been taken over from the Hudson's Bay Company. It was virgin land, ripe for settlement. But it was unknown country, a wilderness ruled by fierce, undetested Indians. And as law replaced the six-gun in the wild U.S. west, the worst of the frontier scum crossed the border into Canada to despoil the last great Indian wealth of the plains. They traded whisky and gunpowder for buffalo robes, horses and young squaws they raped and killed without provocation.

The Canadian west was a tinder box in 1873, when Sir John A. Macdonald formed the Mounted Rifles and sent six troops of cavalry—300 men—on a man killing thousand mile trek to the foothills to wipe out the main outlaw stronghold, Fort Whoopup. Alarmist headlines in the U.S. press warned that Canadians were raising an expeditionary force. Macdonald promptly ran his pen through the word "Rifles" renaming the force the North West Mounted Police.

A whole army, let alone a tiny band of 300, couldn't have kept 30 000 Indians in line by force. But the Mounted Police had spiritual allies. For 150 years the most distinctive uniform in all the American colonial wars had been the crimson coats of the British Army. All the plains Indians—Blackfeet, Crees, Pigeons, Bloods, Sarcees, and Saulteaux—knew from the tales of their fathers who'd kind of men the redcoats were. So the men of the North West Mounted Police—led by Col. George French and later Col. James Macleod—were issued scarlet jackets—the symbol of courageous men who never went back on their word.

South of the border where Indian wars were costing uncounted lives and millions of dollars the only good Indian was a dead one. In Canada the NWMP knew the Indians' respect for justice and courage. One by one the whisky traders were jailed or sent back home where parkings were easier. The Mounties made their motto "Maintiens le Droit"—or "Maintain the Right"—and Macleod won the lasting friendship of Crowfoot, the most influential chief on the plains.

When the famed Sioux war chief, Sitting Bull, took refuge in Canada after his massacre of Gen. Custer he tried to enlist Crowfoot's aid in one last desperate stand against the white men. The far-sighted Crowfoot refused. He spoke eloquently in favor of the treaty which placed our plains tribes on reservations. "If the police had not come to this country," he said, "where would we all be now? Bad men and whisky were killing us. The police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter." Today some Indians on the prairies refuse to take their treaty money unless it is handed to them by a Mountie in a red coat.

There were plenty of clashes with trouble chiefs but the Mounties showed firmness rather than force. One such chief was Piapot who so hated the smoke-belching iron horse—the CPR—that he pitched his tepees on the railway's right-of-way and refused to let the railroaders build any farther.

Two Mounties—a sergeant and a constable—were given the mission of moving Piapot's men. The Mounties rode up to the chief's tent through a mounted mob of derisive tribesmen and told Piapot to break camp. The braves howled gravelly. Piapot merely turned his back.

The sergeant took out his watch. "I'll give you just fifteen minutes," he said.

The two red-coated policemen sat on their horses and waited quietly. Piapot's howling braves milled around them, jostling their horses and firing over their heads. Piapot smoked in malevolent satisfaction. Now and then, the sergeant would look at his watch. Piapot began to grow uneasy.

When the fifteen minutes were up, the sergeant coolly dismounted, tossed his reins to the constable, strode over to Piapot's lodge, and with great deliberation kicked out the centre pole. As Piapot watched incredulously the Mountie went from lodge to lodge collapsing each one. Then he mounted his horse and rode away with the constable. Over-awed, Piapot soon followed.

Such tales spread the fame of the force around the world. It gave them the finest cricket team in North America, an adventurous Englishman—remittance men and some noblemen—came to Canada to join the NWMP. One was Charles Dickens' son, a morose, taciturn heavy bearded man with piercing eyes. Asked why he didn't write like his father, he replied that the only book he would ever write would be about the prohibition dry Northwest Territories. He would call

"Thirty Years Without Beer" was the only book Mountie Dickens wanted to write

DAMP BASEMENT?



Only 18¾" high — 20½" long — 11¾" wide

Just plug in the amazing

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC DEHUMIDIFIER

Plug this amazing device into any convenient outlet and presto—your moisture worries are over for good! Without muss, fuss or messy chemicals. Styling harmonizes with furnishings. Lightweight and easily portable. The exclusive Airtrole filter cleans the air, prevents dust and dirt from collecting on the mechanism.

Positively controls moisture in linen closets, basements, playrooms, storerooms, bank vaults, shipping rooms, workshops, warehouses—or any closed area up to 8 000 cu. ft. where moisture is a problem.

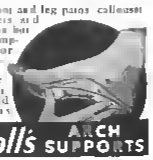
See your Frigidaire Dealer for further details. Or write for free illustrated folder to Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Scarborough (Toronto 13), Ontario.

Built and backed by General Motors

FEET HURT?

Foot, Leg Pains Often Due To Weak Arch

Rheumatic like pains and leg pains, callouses, cramps, tenderness and burning feeling on bottom of feet are symptoms of Weak or Fallen Arch. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercises quickly relieve these types of foot distress.



Dr. Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

"REALLY, I HAD NO IDEA"...



"Last Thursday I became a grandmother, again! Dan and I immediately phoned Aunt Mary in Vancouver to tell her all was well. I've always thought long distance was expensive but after giving Mary the good news we got some good news ourselves. The call—from Montreal to Vancouver—cost only $3.05! Really, I had no idea it was so economical."

Most people think long distance costs much more than it actually does. A recent survey showed the average guess for the above call was $6.15 . . actual cost, $3.05!

LONG DISTANCE COSTS LESS THAN YOU THINK

...Use it often!

How does your guestimate compare with actual rates on the following long distance calls?

Halifax to Winnipeg	$2.50	Winnipeg to Fredericton	$2.35
Saint John to Edmonton	$3.00	Quebec to Toronto	$2.20
Montreal to Halifax	$1.40	Calgary to Montreal	$2.80
Toronto to Vancouver	$2.95	Vancouver to Saskatoon	$1.75

Above rates in effect 8 p.m. to 4.30 a.m.—Station to Station

Trans-Canada TELEPHONE SYSTEM

United to Serve Canada

MARITIME TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED • THE NEW BRUNSWICK TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA • MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM • SASKATCHEWAN GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES
ALBERTA GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES • BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE COMPANY

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — *Next Best Thing to Being There!*



Nothing else does it so well

Sani-Flush is made for this one purpose—to clean toilet bowls. It works automatically. No messy scrubbing. Also disinfects and removes the invisible film which is there whether you see it or not. Quick, easy, sanitary. Just follow directions on the familiar yellow can. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



Now PERFUMED with a mild, fresh fragrance



SOLAR GREENHOUSE

Here's a great producer of flowers for you. A sparkling gem that doubles your garden season and pleasures. Made in straight and curved eave styles. Send for catalogue. Glad to have a representative call.

LORD & BURNHAM
St. Catharines, Ont.

GET EVERY PICTURE with an H16 BOLEX MOVIE CAMERA



So Easy to Use! The thrill of taking and showing your own movies. Roll loaver the zoom lens, pull trigger, that's all there is to it! Even beginners get professional results. Interchangeable lenses, turret head, single frame exposure, fade-out, dissolve and many other features make the Bolex H16 the ideal camera for the amateur who wants to do more than just point and shoot.

8mm and 16mm models. Literature on request. Dept. M

PRICES FROM $112.75 UP

AT YOUR BOLEX DEALER.

GAMLICK FILMS LTD., TORONTO 2A, ONT.



When good friends get together they say O.K. for O'Keefe's

A-54-7D

EXTRA OLD STOCK ALE

Those famous scarlet coats are now mainly tourist bait; and squad cars have replaced the horse

It, Thirty Years Without Beer

In 1904 Edward VII honored the exploits of the NWMP by adding the prefix Royal. In 1920, the RNWMP was the outstanding candidate to be Canada's first country-wide police force, absorbing and enlarging the functions of the Dominion Police who guarded government buildings and naval bases; kept identification files and fingerprint records. The commissioner moved from Regina to Ottawa and the Mounties became the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. In 1928 Saskatchewan asked the force to serve as provincial police. The other prairie provinces and the Maritimes followed suit to 1932. The RCMP added a marine branch that same year. In 1937 the crime detection lab was set up along with an air division, now manned by ex-combat fliers.

Movies to the contrary, it's years since a Mountie in a red coat went galloping after a criminal. When the King and Queen visited Windsor, Ont., in 1939, the RCMP detachment who paraded in their honor had to borrow their mounts from the Detroit city police. The celebrated red coats are only brought out now to brighten ceremonies, tourist resorts and court rooms. And when the Mounties do take off after a criminal—in a tuner of chocolate brown and a black-and-white patrol car—it isn't quite the way it's portrayed in fiction.

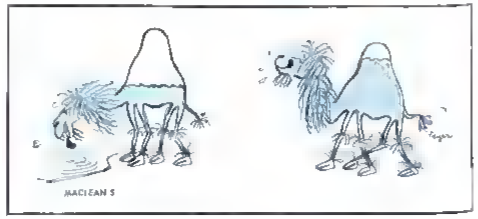
The typical modern Mountie chasing the typical modern criminal is no lone wolf but depends on science, teamwork and well-established procedures — on two-way radio patrol cars, teletype systems, aircraft, tire tracks and fingerprints. Even on highly trained dogs. All these and other elements figured in a manhunt after the Bank of Toronto branch at Wolseley, in Saskatchewan's beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley, was held up on the morning of June 22, 1950, by two armed and masked bandits who got away with almost $50 000. The acting manager of the bank reported the crime to RCMP Cpl. Stanley Wight at nearby Indian Head. Wight telephoned Sub-Inspector Walter Taylor, head of RCMP criminal investigation at Regina, who ordered radio patrol cars to move in and blockade the highways.

A Wolseley resident told Wight of seeing a "blue 1950 Meteor" speeding furiously toward Lemberg 25 miles north. A storekeeper on the Wolseley-Lemberg road said a stranger with a "foreign accent" had stopped that morning for bananas, pop, tinned meat and crackers. This information was relayed by radio to Mounties converging on the district and at a garage in Lemberg two of them found a mechanic tinkering with a blue 1949 Meteor with Quebec license plates. The owner said he was William Lukashuk, 24, a carpenter from Roubaque, Que., and was going to Vancouver. He protested his innocence, and there was nothing incriminating in his car, but the Mounties detained him. Within two days one RCMP expert had identified tire tracks near the bank as the tracks of Lukashuk's tires; another expert had identified his fingerprints as fingerprints found in the bank, and witnesses had picked him from a line-up.

Meanwhile a teletype message from RCMP at Montreal brought a reply that Lukashuk was deep in debt and had fled there to avoid having his car seized and that the man with him was his cousin, Archie Dlugopolsky, who presumably was hiding out with the loot from the bank and the guns. An aerial patrol by Wight failed to spot Dlugopolsky but police slowly crossing the Wolseley-Lemberg road for clues discovered Lukashuk's snow-fouled tire tracks on a spot where he had pulled off the road and parked. RCMP German shepherd dogs picked up a trail that led along a river; lost it when the fugitive had crossed to the other side; picked it up again, then lost it completely because it had grown too cold to follow. But, on another part of the Mounties' procedure they'd had telephone operators warn all people on rural phone lines to be on the lookout for the missing hold-up man. On the fourth day after the robbery this paid off. Three small boys at Odessa, 35 miles from Wolseley, saw a man badly in need of a shave. They said he had a revolver. Three parents phoned the RCMP and the dogs were taken to Odessa where they picked up the trail once more. Following the dogs, the Mounties soon saw Dlugopolsky ahead of them, running. He ignored an order to stop and a shot that was fired over his head, and vanished into tall grass with one of the dogs in hot pursuit. In a minute Dlugopolsky was shouting: "Help save me!" The carefully schooled dog had overtaken him, knocked him to the ground and was on his both growling. Dlugopolsky was carrying three guns—and the stolen money. He and Lukashuk on the fifth day after the hold-up plea-ded guilty before a magistrate and were sentenced to five-year terms in the Saskatchewan penitentiary.

Sometimes, however, it takes the Mounties a little longer to get their man. In 1917 a man was sent down for 15 years for rape. In 1924 he got his ticket-of-leave, or parole. In 1930 he broke his parole. A warrant was issued but he'd disappeared.

For 20 years nothing was heard of the man. Then in 1950 a Toronto city policeman picked up a man for



raising a false fire alarm. Instead of paying a $50 fine the man chose jail. In the usual manner his fingerprints were sent to the RCMP Fingerprint Bureau in Ottawa. They found in their routine check that the prints were those of the unsung parole-breaker and he went back to the penitentiary for eight years, two months and 25 days. That is typical—except for the time period.

Sometimes they don't get their man at all. In June 1950 two constables arrived in Niagara Falls to serve summons on two tax delinquents, a brother and sister. They found their quarry all right—in the cemetery where the brother and sister had been for twenty and five years respectively.

These cases are not the stuff of which legend is made. But beneath the modern procedures the old traditions remain. The modern Mountie is very much aware of his reputation. At the ceremonial opening of the Alaska Highway in November 1942 a column of RCMP stood on parade. It was 20 below zero and the head of the U.S. Army engineers, Gen. O'Connor, told the officer in charge of the RCMP that his column could keep parkas on. "Wouldn't think of it, sir," the RCMP officer said out of the corner of his mouth. "Throughout the ceremony the Mounties stood unflinchingly at attention clad only in scarlet serge." A U.S. politician who noticed the hoplay remarked: "I thought only the U.S. Marines felt that way about their uniform."

The RCMP feels the same way about duty. No wise-cracking pulls his weight on a Mountie. Mounties have given traffic tickets to cabinet ministers, senators and provincial premiers. If a constable is right he knows the force will back him up. The classic case occurred a few years ago when a constable on patrol on the outskirts of a small town heard a shot down by the river. He hurried down and saw a man with a rifle in a motor boat. The man was a stranger to the constable. He was one of the district's leading citizens.

"You know you're not supposed to shoot ducks out of season, don't you, sir?" asked the constable.

The prominent citizen said he hadn't known there was any closed season on the particular type of duck he'd shot. He apologized at some length. It put the constable in a delicate position. He didn't want to offend the man but his duty was clear cut. "I'm sorry, sir," he said at length. "I'll have to prefer charges against you."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," suggested the hunter. "I'll drop a line to the chief game warden and explain what I've done. How's that?"

The constable was glad to agree. Back in his office he typed out a full report. His commanding officer wrote to the chief game warden to expect the letter from the town's well-known citizen. Weeks went by but the letter never came.

The RCMP, through the constable, had made a gentleman's agreement and it had been broken. So the inspector ordered a warrant sworn out for the man's arrest—charging him with shooting a duck out of season. The prominent citizen was outraged. Intolerable and preposterous! he thundered. The RCMP had no evidence, only a constable's word against his. He was acquitted at the trial.

Now the RCMP was outraged. The force appealed the case and won. The man was ordered to pay a $10 fine. He refused. He declared he would carry the case right to the Supreme Court.

So the RCMP began to collect further evidence. Then, unexpectedly, the man decided not to appeal. Immediately the RCMP sent a Mountie to collect the $10 fine. The man's hip-home was dark. The Mountie peered in a window. The furniture was gone. The man and his family, the Mountie learned, had left town the night before and were headed out of the country.

So the Mounties began in earnest to dig into his affairs. His house they learned, was heavily mortgaged; payments were overdue. He had lost a great deal of money in a bankrupt factory. Thru a widow claimed she had given the man $30 000 to invest for her. She said she had written him about it without getting an answer.

The RCMP might to trace the man but he had disappeared. It was not until he registered with a group in another province some time later that they picked him up and brought him back for trial. Once again he was acquitted. But at the end of the trial a Mountie served him a warrant that stated he owed the Government $10. This time he paid.

But not quite soon enough. The Mounties had turned up a woman who claimed the man had defrauded her of $80 000. Again the Mounties arrested

[illegible] it seems, though [illegible] legendary a[illegible] justify it. ★

Next Issue: The Mounties Part Two

What it takes to be a Mountie

Connoisseurs of the world agree:

"Your Canadian Wines are Delicious!"





Many Canadians are not yet aware of the advances which Canada has made in the ancient art of making wine. To bring home to all people the excellence of Canadian wines today, we submitted these wines to the most sophisticated wine-drinkers in the world. In the ateliers and cafes of Paris . . . all over France, the verdict was the same: "Your wines of Canada are *delicious*!"

And why not? Canadian wine growers, with the pride of artists in their work, have laboured for generations to produce wines distinctive to this country yet comparable in quality to any in the world.

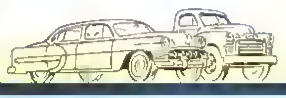
You, too, will be surprised by the smooth, delicate flavour of Canada's fine wines. For only a few cents a glass, they'll add much to your enjoyment of life. Try a Canadian wine today. *Canadian Wine Institute, 111 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.*

...ething's happened to the old town...



IT'S ALIVE . . . it's full of excitement and happy people . . . it's caught up in the progress that means all's well with Canada. It's a big day in a big year. It's Canada's birthday, the 1st of July, 1954! Signs of good times are everywhere. Look! Streets full of gleaming cars and powerful trucks; stores with rich displays of modern refrigerators; massive Diesel locomotives on the skyline; and, throughout, the gentle purr of electric motors running all kinds of home appliances.

These products that are changing the face of Canada come from one great organization—General Motors. GM leads the way in Canadian life by supplying you with better products through an efficient sales and service organization . . . and by keeping ahead with the newest designs born of GM's skill in research, engineering and production.





GENERAMOTORS

GROWING IN CANADA





GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED — OSHAWA AND WINDSOR

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA LIMITED — LEASIDE AND SCARBOROUGH

GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED — LONDON

THE McKINNON INDUSTRIES LIMITED — ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM TOWNSHIP

PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE JULY 1 1954



"Don't let your husband teach you to drive"

"He can actually stop you from becoming the good driver you can be." In July Chatelaine Bill McKinley of Vancouver—who's taught 17 000 women to drive—gives some of the frankest advice you'll ever hear about driving. Don't miss his story. But don't let your husband see it.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

- EXCLUSIVE: Hugh MacLennan voices the doubts we've all felt about THE BOMB and asks "Is There No Way Out of This Jungle?"
- Toby Robins starring in the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, tells her nine steps to beauty
- Fashion News: Look! It's Burlap!
- How and What to Cook in Your Backyard
- Complete Menus for Every Meal in the Month
- Fiction, Recipes, Beauty Tips



Chatelaine

Read by more Canadian women than any other women's magazine

NOW ON SALE

A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

SAVE MONEY — JOIN CHATELAINE'S 400,000 CLUB

Use this handy coupon to join over 400,000 Canadian women who buy each issue of Chatelaine. This coupon will bring Chatelaine to your home at these low subscription rates (a BIG saving over the single copy price).

Please send me ____ year(s) of Chatelaine. 1 year — only $2. 3 years — only $4. (These rates good in Canada only — all other countries $3 a year.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROVINCE _____

Give this coupon to your favorite newsdealer or mail it to Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada. MMAY54

MAILBAG



The Curlew Caught Their Fancy

It is my considered opinion that The Last of the Curlews by Fred Bodsworth (May 15), is the finest story Maclean's has ever printed. It seems so rare these days to come on a piece of work in a magazine (a popular magazine at that!) which has the qualities of *this* work. I have reread passages for the sheer poetic imagination of the language. I trust that this story will be available in a more permanent form. It is a classic, and I found it profoundly moving.—George Foerd, Stouffville, Ont.

The Last of the Curlews will be published later in book form by Dodd, Mead of New York.

● One of the finest stories I have ever read, anytime, anywhere, and the accompanying illustrations by Duncan Macpherson are equally outstanding.—Elinor M. Pulliser, Shediac Cape, N.B.

● It was with the greatest of interest and pleasure that I read your novelette. It revealed both a considerable knowledge of natural science and a sympathy and understanding of birds. A truly sensitive story.—Mrs. W. H. Bush, Toronto.

● I wish every trigger happy he-man could be made to read it. If it soaked into his addle pated brain we might yet be able to save other species. The wanton destruction of birds left to rot on the ground just burns me up. I don't call it sport, it's plain murder.—Mrs. R. Clay, Unity, Sask.

● In nearly thirty years of voracious reading, much of the material on behalf of conservation I have never read anything as moving, as imaginative or as factual as this story.—A. D. Brown, Winnipeg.

● Bodsworth not only gave us a magnificent story of the habits of the curlews but he writes a romance so thrilling and moving as any I have read.—Edytha Schjelderup, Courtenay, B.C.

● Bodsworth's dramatic narrative should awaken all those who love Canada's outdoors with its rich heritage of wildlife in its various forms. I am looking forward to reading the story in book form and sincerely hope that no more of our native birds will pass on to that black void of extinction from which there is no return.—A. J. Mitchener, Collingwood, Ont.

● Fred Bodsworth's novelette is very beautiful and very sad.—Louis-Philippe Arpin, Montreal.

● How in h— could the same person write The Last of the Curlews as wrote that scientific article on religion (Christianity—Revival or Decline? Dec. 15)!—Mrs. Dorothy Fuller, Toronto, Ont.

● I did not expect I would ever feel moved to write in commendation of a story I had read in a magazine but I must say I do wish to congratulate you on the splendid and original novelette. . . . The exciting build up added to the technical accuracy made the short feature stand out in the brilliance of its execution. Few of us know much about the wildlife of this continent—please instruct us further in the pleasant manner.—The Rev. Allan M. Old, St. John's, Nfld.

Builders of the Wawanesa

One man not mentioned in the story of the Wawanesa Mutual (The One-Horse Town That Spawned a Giant, May 1) was James Harrower who managed the Royal Bank there for about 25 years. He took charge of the Wawanesa's money and the amount was always very large. He was always promoting the town's events and was a financial adviser to the insurance company. This meant much to the board of farmer and town directors whose minds were usually diverted to their own vocations.—Dr. James W. Cairns, Pipestone, Man.

● You would think from reading this story that the town was a ghost town. Let me tell you something, the Wawanesa Mutual has a two-storey head-office building that would show up most of the offices on Bay Street, Toronto. Your story never mentioned Harry E. Hemmens who managed the company for around ten years and was assistant manager for fifteen years before that. You would take from the story that a farmer didn't have enough brains to run a company and that all the smart people are down east.—Earl McKeller, Nesbitt, Man.



Bouquets and Brickbats

Bouquets to Maclean's for the fine article on Percy Saltzman (May 15) and brickbats for publicizing that blatant boor, Gilbert Harding. The Rudest Man in England (April 15). The millions in the old land who tolerate him and his studied rudeness can scarcely be considered cultured. Canadians are very tired of being lectured by self-appointed mentors and nouveau riche.—J. A. Sedgwick, Toronto.

Why Do Men Leave Home?

Could it be that social circumstances are the main cause for men leaving home (The Men Who Can't Stand Marriage, May 1)? The rents for homes are terribly high, presenting two possibilities: 1. rent a small place for a lot of money, which takes the major part of the wages; 2. share the same place with others. If you do the first, there is hardly enough money to keep your family. If you do the second, there are lots of problems arising, especially if there are children.

Then there is a lot of talk about a recession in economic life and connected with that an increasing unemployment. Unemployment insurance is a help but it doesn't carry you far.

It is not that I am seeking to defend the men who escape the stresses of marriage, but there are lots of them who just can't face the insecure future and therefore try to escape the serious problems which are facing them. I think that a lot of the money used for maintaining wives and children of runaway husbands could be more wisely used by the government for more social security.—J. M. Noteboom, Oakville, Ont.

Health of Spirit

I would like to correct the author of How to Get Along With Older People (April 15) for her own good when she comes of age—if not before. In a list of compensations I would put health of spirit first, mind second and bodily health will naturally follow.

Organized religion as such can never give me that peace—peace that passeth all understanding as the Good Book says. Jesus said: "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

I live alone and like it—but am still in the sunny side of 80.—Cheerio!—E. LeFeuvre, Vancouver.

Weren't They Martyrs?

Why ask why must writer Costain and others refer to the early Huronic Jesuits as martyrs. (The White and The Gold, May 15)? Martyrs they were not but victims of a war started by their own countrymen years earlier.—W. M. Prentice, Brocks Bench, Ont.

Baxter and Billy Graham

Beverley Baxter has a just and discriminating article on Dr. Billy Graham (May 1) which truly promotes the cause of world Christianity at a time when its promotion is indicated as perhaps never before.—D. M. Davies, Shewinigan Falls, Que.

● Baxter's piece on Billy Graham was timely and interesting especially for those who have been following the Greater London crusade. Opposition to Graham cannot harm him for as someone has said: "one man with God is a majority." The fact that he is leading many souls to heaven is proof of his worth.—Edward Cluley, Kincardine, Ont.

● Beverley Baxter's journalism and Sen. McCarthy's Americanism are a pain in the neck.—A. D. Odell, Edmonton.

● In the Story of Douglas Bader (May 15) Baxter says that "Hollywood is going to make a film of it."—I am very pleased to tell you this picture will not be made in Hollywood but in the J. Arthur Rank Studios.—F. H. Fisher, J. Arthur Rank Film Distributors (Canada) Ltd., Toronto.

The Ebb and Flow

This letter isn't going to be of the slightest aid and comfort to your circulation or advertising departments. But as an illustration of reader penetration I offer the following. I received a letter this week from the librarian of a Friends' Boarding School in York shire to which I send an annual subscription to Maclean's. After being in the library where the magazine is read by the upper forms, both boys and girls, it goes to the men teachers' common room, then to the mistresses' parlour, thou to the nursery (hospital) and isolation.—Muriel Hutton, Kipling, Sask.

● What has happened to Maclean's? The last six or seven issues are utter trash. Even my standby, the editorial and Beverley Baxter, are not up to their usual class.—Miss Eva M. Newcomb, Lancaster, N.B.

● I went to congratulate you on the quantity and quality of Maclean's. In my opinion your magazine stands up to the best on the American continent. Keep up the good work.—E. V. Woollings, Englehart, Ont.

He Remembers Ben Kravitz

Sincere congratulations on your Ben Kravitz' Conquest of the New World (April 15). There is another way he has demonstrated his generosity. He sent a great number of rolls of salami to us overseas. Early in the war I was only a casual acquaintance, stationed near Montreal. Ben heard I'd been posted overseas through mutual friends. After that I received huge rolls of salami regularly. When they arrived the boys in my quarters had a real picnic on that very scarce item. On my first visit to thank him he brushed it off as nothing and his son Al gave me two of the most impressive cigars as I went out.

I have no idea of the number of servicemen he treated this way, though many people have told me they heard of others receiving a regular supply from Ben.—Bob Bennett, Toronto.



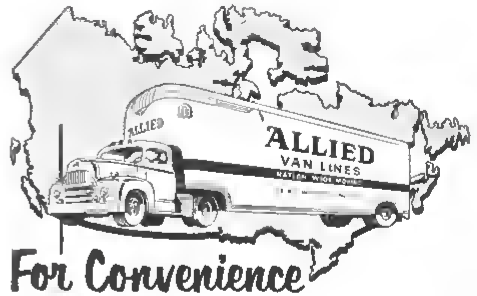
Who Owns the Air Waves?

Let's Stop Monopoly Television by Scott Young (May 1) should make me a steady reader of Maclean's although I admit I considered Maclean's as a sympathizer of our medieval CBC. Each and every day our Government is either in or going in some new business and they won't stand for any nonsense like competition. It's been a long time since any of my friends rolled on the floor laughing over any CBC programs. It will probably be a long time before there is a big line up to see any National Film Board popular releases or the CPR carrying any presents from Ottawa to Vancouver via their air lines. We have good government in Canada but they do not know the 1940-45 war is over and it is time they got out of radio, TV, air lines, railways, steamships, banking, etc., and let Canada get down to the business of becoming a great country.—Len Wood, Port Arthur, Ont.

More Dog Haters

Robert Thomas Allen's story on dogs (I Hate Dogs, April 15) the best and truest ever told. April 15th is the best issue I ever read.—L. McLaughlin, Whitehorse, Y.T.

● At last a realistic article on dogs has been published. After reading so many saccharine stories about them I thoroughly enjoyed Allen's. For years I have been chased by crabby canines who seem to like to pounce out from behind hedges at innocent pedestrians.—Grace Shewfelt, Ottawa. ★



For Convenience Safety and Economy

There is the big Allied van go the household possessions of a very particular and thrifty family to some far off home. "Particular" because they obviously cherish their possessions too much to entrust the moving to anyone but ALLIED and "thrifty" because they know this convenient door-to-door system of moving is most economical.

CALL CANADA'S MASTER MOVERS

ALLIED VAN LINES LTD.

Agents in all principal cities . . . see your telephone directory

The ALE of a MAN'S dreams



"If you can dream and not make dreams your master . . . you'll be a MAN, my son." When you dream of the kind of Ale our fathers enjoyed—mellow, tangy, zestful and satisfying—don't make dreams your master. You too can enjoy that old-time goodness—at home or in your favourite hotel or tavern. Call for Labatt's* India Pale Ale and taste . . . taste and realize at last you have a MAN'S drink!



THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO LABATT'S

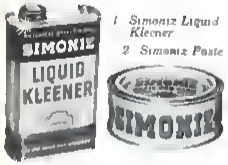
A GENUINE
SIMONIZ
SHINE
that lasts 6 months



Now Yours in HALF the TIME and TWICE as EASY!

Alright so it used to be a tough job Simonizing your car—but even then you preferred the durable gleaming 6 months protection of genuine Simoniz! Well, here's what you've been hoping for—

NEW, QUICK, EASY METHOD



1 Simoniz Liquid Kleener
2 Simoniz Paste

First clean your car with new Simoniz Liquid Kleener. Then follow the new directions under the lid of the Simoniz Paste can. It's easy!

Give your car thin One, Two Combination for a shine that's a Knockout!

SIMONIZ COMPANY LTD., Toronto

54 M

For BLONDES only!

New CREAMY Shampoo

Made at home — FRESH as you need it!
Takes only 3 minute—Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely! Gives it a Wonderful Shine!



To help keep light hair from darkening and keep it looking lovely, BLONDEX, the extra special new CREAMY Shampoo works 3 ways: Removes dull, dingy film that makes blonde hair old-looking. Brings back fluttering lightness. Gives new extra highlights and shine. Safe to use on children's delicate hair. Get BLONDEX today at any 10¢ drug and department stores.

MY SEWING MACHINE RUNS LIKE A WATCH WITH 3-IN-ONE



3-IN-ONE OIL

HYPONEX
LIQUID PLANT FOOD CONCENTRATE
Grows Better Plants in Soil, Sand or Water
NEW IMPROVED FORMULA
NIAGARA CHEMICAL CO. Canton, New York, U.S.A.

money matters

BY PAUL STEINER

Only non-smokers will be eligible for the Herbert S. Sharp Scholarships at Monal Allison University, New Brunswick. Sharp declared in his will that smokers could afford to pay for their own education.

A Winnipeg plumber, convicted of stealing $10,074.62 during a period of eighteen months from his employer, returned $2,000 and was ordered by the court to pay back the balance at $10 a month over the next 67¼ years.



The Oakville, Ont., town council considered asking for permission to slap a poll tax on single girls after raising the levy on bachelors from five to ten dollars.

In Vancouver, a five year old ended up with a black eye and a cut nose after riding in a whirling cement mixer. His playmates who operated the mixer had charged him thirty cents for the ride.

A shilling conscience money recently reached the British post office from Canada, sent by an anonymous exile who explained that it was to pay for insulators he had broken on telegraph poles in Ulster fifty years before as a boy.



In Halifax Harbor, an angler reeled in after two hours without a bite. On his hook was a soggy five dollar bill.

A fifteen-dollar cheque written on the shell of a hard boiled egg was recently cashed by an urbane banker in Victoria, B.C.

A fifty year old copy of the Picton Gazette turned up recently. It had advertised these choice bargains: men's heavy tweed pants $1.15; men's overcoats, $7.50; Canadian flannelette blankets 69 cents; ginger, 25 lbs. $1; tea, one pound, 20 cents, and coffee, 25 cents a pound.

Three years ago Jack Aylward, of Windsor, Ont., lost his wallet containing eighty dollars while plowing. When he was harvesting his crops last year he found the wallet and the money in a field.



Bert Rockett, 16, of Calgary, managed to win a $1.50 bet by cramming 48 sticks of gum into his mouth at one time and chewing them for three hours.

A Winnipeg bottling company is looking for an elderly woman who sent the firm 60 cents "for an empty case of bottles I did not return when I was a little girl." A case of bottles only costs 55 cents so the company wants to refund the old lady's nickel, making honesty a two way street.

Dinner was cold on the table and Board of Trade members in Belle Coola were plainly fidgeting when their guest speaker finally arrived. But their concern turned to joy when he told them that on the way he had stopped to shoot a cougar and collected the twenty dollar bounty which would be included in a donation to the board's road project.

An Ottawa housewife recently ordered a book from a Washington, D.C., firm enclosing Canadian bills in payment. The company rejected the Canadian money and suggested U.S. currency be sent. The woman replied she would be delighted since her dollar is worth more than theirs and meant a saving of about a dime to her. The name of the book on order — How to Manage Money.

DRAWINGS BY JOHN THOSNS

(Advertisement)

License Plate Quiz

(See Page 5 in License Plates)

1. What is a car plate also called the Fleur de lis?
2. What license plate shows a gold miner?
3. What plate are called the shape of slates?
4. What plate has part green of U.S. Presidents?
5. What plate shows a buck kangaroo?
6. What 2 plates carry the word school?
7. What plate shows a crown?
8. In what Canadian provinces and U.S. states is the Guarantee on Ultra tires honored?

ANSWERS

AUTO-TOURIST ROUTE ACROSS LAKE MICHIGAN

between MILWAUKEE, WIS. and MUSKEGON, MICH.
overall 240 Miles of Crowded Highways

S.S. MILWAUKEE CLIPPER



Queen of Great Lakes passenger ships. Daily milieu. East and West. Comfortable lounges and decks. Air cooled staterooms, bedrooms. Fine food and refreshments. Entertainment. Children's playroom. For illustrated folder write Wisconsin & Michigan Steamship Co. 415 E. Erie St. Milwaukee, Wis.

TICKET OFFICES and DOCKS Milwaukee, 415 E. Erie St. Muskegon, Mich. The Hub



"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

The Place the Gas Will Come From

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

some Indians showed the white men an oily liquid they'd been scraping off the top of a slough and using for medicine. In the next forty years, 27 wells were drilled some as deep as 7,000 feet. There were a few gas and oil shows but nothing encouraging. Meanwhile an equally obscure place called Turner Valley became famous overnight on oil. Fate it seemed had double-crossed Pincher Creek again.

Then in 1941 the Gulf Oil Company began on Alberta gas and oil hunt. Its stratigraphic crews probed the province, exploding dynamite deep in the earth and measuring the resultant sound waves for indications of oil-bearing geological formations. They were intrigued by the Pincher Creek area but realized that the formation they sought lay roughly two miles underground. Drilling a wildcat well—meaning one in unproven territory—is always a gamble. Deep drilling multiplies the expense and risk of a breakdown.

But Gulf took the gamble. In April 1947 the company began work with the most powerful rotary drill then in existence, capable of cutting a 15,000-foot hole if necessary. The average drilling rig only drills down about 8,000 feet. But nobody paid much attention to the project, outside of Pincher Creek. Another little place called Leduc was monopolizing the news with its oil strike.

By late 1947 Gulf was down 11,755 feet. On Dec. 28 the drilling crew ran a test, controlled at the surface by a one-quarter inch valve. Up gushed gas at the rate of ten million cubic feet a day, the maximum possible. Flow through that size valve. Pressure built up to 3,200 pounds per square inch. Two heavy steel L-joints straightened out like rubber. The drillers hastily closed off the flow. Now, at last, Pincher Creek had something to boast about.

Since then Gulf has drilled seven wells; each about 12,000 feet deep and costing roughly a million dollars apiece. The average gas and oil field in western Canada is about 5,000 feet deep. One Pincher well, the Bruder, yields 168 million cubic feet of gas a day when flowing wide open. Currently the average daily gas consumption for all of Canada is only 204 million cubic feet.

Pincher's field as a whole contains about 2,200 billion cubic feet of gas which will yield about 1,760 billion cubic feet of dry gas. Toronto, when fully converted to gas, is expected to use 22 billion cubic feet a year. Theoretically, there's enough gas at Pincher Creek to supply Toronto for eighty years.

Since only the dry residue gas will go east, plants will be built to extract the by-products from the wet gas such by-products as condensate and light crude oil, propane and butane gasoline and sulphur. The yearly sulphur output equal to about half of Canada's present consumption can be used for fertilizer and in pulp and paper manufacture. There will be enough propane—a convenient fuel for homes that do not have access to gas pipelines—to serve 90,000 farm homes for twenty years. Butane is used in synthetic rubber, synthetic fibres and plastics.

Last May Alberta's petroleum and natural gas conservation board gave Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. permission to export natural gas from Alberta. Pipeline construction will probably begin early next year and gas should be flowing east by 1956.

About 31 percent of all the natural gas serving the east will come from Pincher Creek's field. The remainder will come from several smaller fields, the largest of which has little more than half the gas supply of Pincher.

Within the limits of the field as defined by the conservation board, nearly all mineral rights are owned by the Alberta Government or by the Calgary and Edmonton Corporation, a land company. The one exception is 73-year-old Fred Schrempp, a Pincher Creek district character who homesteaded in 1906 on what was originally Hudson's Bay Company land and thus retains his mineral rights.

Under the standard mineral lease Schrempp, like the provincial government and the Calgary and Edmonton Corporation, stands to receive 12.5 percent of the value of all production from his property. A few other ranchers and farmers in the gas field are benefiting to a lesser extent. They don't own mineral rights but are paid varying amounts for the surface lease of their land for drilling and producing operations.

Only about 160 acres of Schrempp's 1,900 acre ranch are in the gas field. Schrempp isn't counting on great wealth; he's waiting to see what production will be. Similarly, there's no boom fever in Pincher Creek although some is now within reach. Because payments vary, Gulf will not quote surface lease figures.

"No, we're not getting worked up yet," says real-estate man Colin Hedderick. "We've had too many false alarms in this town."

What's the Posse?

Bastien Zoeteman, the town's leading solemn mayor, adds: "There's more talk about our gas field outside the district than here. Before we get excited we want to know where the plants will be built. If they're too far from Pincher Creek, another town might spring up."

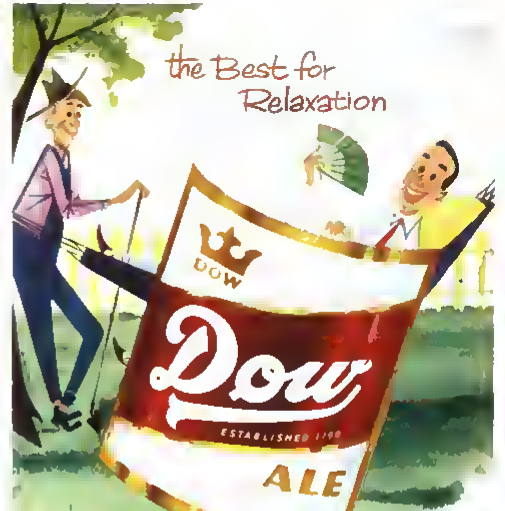
"Still, we should get some business," the police magistrate, W. A. McLeod muses. "We have a liquor store and two beverage rooms."

So the place that gas will come from is watching developments with interest but no excitement. It is the epitome of all small towns. Automobiles and cement sidewalks have replaced horses and hitching posts all right but Pincher still has the air of a movie cattle town. Any minute you expect to see a sheriff's posse gallop through to head the bandits off at the pass.

Most of its buildings are old and those that aren't look out of place. Its small frame houses snuggle along the town shaded by windswept cottonwood trees. From the banks and narrow bridges of the creek small boys fish for trout.

For nearly fifty years oilers have been keeping an eye on narrow dusty Main Street from the King Edward Hotel. The King Edward's old fashioned portico supported by four drab cream-colored pillars is a popular summer vantage point. From here one can see Mayor Zoeteman saunter into Norman Edgar's barbershop for a trim, watch dapper Oswald Blakely, manager of the new hundred-thousand-dollar Bank of Commerce Building, discuss the latest gas-field gossip with James Scott, owner of Scott Furniture, see old timers drift into Sam Fraser's men's wear store for a gin rummy game in the back room.

In the winter the hotel loungers retire to the high-ceilinged lobby with its deep leather upholstered chairs. Here, every day, spectators like Andrew Foote, 83-year-old ex-carpenter, has



NOW has a NEW SMART LOOK!

Only DOW is "COOL CONTROL" brewed

Fix-It Yourself and Save Money

MR. FIX-IT BOOK MAKES IT EASY TO DO YOUR OWN REPAIRS

This big 508 page book explains how to do hundreds of home repairs and improvements. Yes! This wonderful encyclopedia makes it easy for you to repair, improve or modernize your home. It tells you what tools to use and what steps to follow to do the job quickly and right. You simply look up the job in the big index and then turn to the section which gives you charts, illustrations, diagrams and step-by-step directions that make sure that you cannot go wrong.

IT TELLS YOU HOW TO...

Repair electric appliances — Cure leaky basements — Install doors — Stop squeaky floors — Rewire your home — Motorize your lawn mower — Do your own plumbing repairs — Hang wall paper. Making furniture, designing step saving kitchens, upholstering, painting, and gardening are all easy to do with the help of this book.

The Mr. Fix-It Book given you hundreds of easy short-cuts that add to your comfort and increase the value of your home. Just one of these helpful features will save you the full value of the book.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY only $3.98

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
If you are not entirely satisfied with your copy of the Mr. Fix-It Book return it to us within 5 days prepaid and in good condition and we'll refund your money in full.

Home Book Service,
210 Dundas Street W.
TORONTO 2, ONTARIO

Please rush me ____ copies of the MR. FIX IT BOOK at $3.98 a copy postpaid.

Name ____
Address ____
Province ____

BOOK WITH CARE
From Home Book Service
210 Dundas Street W.
TORONTO 2, ONTARIO

(Please print full name and address below for prompt delivery)

Name ____
Address ____
Province ____

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE JULY 1, 1954

the J. ARTHUR RANK organization presents

RACING THRILLS... SPILLS AND ROMANCE



the RAINBOW JACKET

color by TECHNICOLOR

A sizzling thrill-packed drama of the turf starring Kay Walsh, Edward Underdown, Bill Owen and Robert Morley. This thrilling story has all the surging excitement of the world famous racetracks Ascot, Epsom and Newmarket. Written by T. E. B. Clarke of "Lavender Hill Mob" fame, this human racing saga has thrills from "Starting Gate" to "Winning Post"

watch for

DIRK BOGARDE, MURIEL PAVLOW, KENNETH MORE, DONALD SINDEN in "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE" Color by Technicolor

ANTHONY STEEL, SHEILA SIM in "WEST OF ZANZIBAR" Color by Technicolor

NIGEL PATRICK, ELIZABETH SELLARS, TERENCE MORGAN, JACK WARNER in "FORBIDDEN CARGO"

JACK HAWKINS, GLYNIS JOHNS in "THE SEEKERS" Technicolor

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

roomed at the King Edward for five years. His favorite pastimes are watching baseball games and watching the eastbound and westbound Greyhound buses go through the town eight times a day. When the hotel clerk who doubles as bus agent calls Greyhound bus arriving, Foote and his roberts rise automatically to have a look.

It is rumored that Foote, a wealthy bachelor, usually wears a blue suitcoat, khaki trousers, a plaid shirt, grey cloth cap, spectacles twinkling amidst a bushy beard and grey hair hanging to his shoulders. A few years ago Coleman's wife, staying at the King Edward, complained to the desk clerk that Foote and his friends were impinging the lobby.

Don't let appearances deceive you, ma'am," said the clerk. "Some of these men are hotel greats and some of them could buy and sell this place."

In one respect the town's appearance is equally deceiving. From behind an sleepy facade have come such widely traveled newsmen as Matthew Halton, European correspondent of the CBC, and his brother Seth, publisher of the Victoria Colonist; both Pincher Creek natives. Freda Graham Brandy, the station agent's chubby cheerful wife, writes children's fiction; plays newspaper features and spent twenty years managing an early history of Pincher Creek.

Sixty-eight-year-old F. H. (Bert) Riggall, who has a soft Lincolnshire accent, guided some of America's rich and men on hunting trips through the Rockies before heart trouble grounded him in Pincher Creek. Now he writes magazine articles on big-game hunting, frost cutting, illustrated with guns, books, photographs and trophies. He wears a wrist watch once owned by Henry Ford and given to Riggall by one of Ford's friends. Riggall knows it's a good watch because it costs him $16 to have it cleaned.

The most popular literary man locally is Adam (Scotty) Freebairn. He, poet of Pincher Creek. He has published several small volumes of verse at his own expense and is constantly called upon to read his latest effort at town social affairs. Freebairn is a short, good-humored pipe-smoking Scot, 73 years of age. He came to Pincher Creek in 1889, poached cows, clerked in a drugstore, then ran a ladies-wear shop. Through the years he frequented a tailor shop where at one time or another most district men gathered for gossip. Here Freebairn collected yarns and characters for his poetry. He is retired now but keeps up to date on local happenings by visiting the card game in the back of Fraser's Men's Wear.

His verse has a Robert W. Service rhythm and a distinct western flavor. It is the poetry of cowpunchers, pioneers, Indians and Mounties of whom actors named Windy Bill, Op-e-o was and Old Nosey Ford, all titles like The Bootlegger, The Story of Mussaere Butte and The Bones of Old McGuire.

Most of Freebairn's subjects deal with ranching because this always has been the district's main economy. The Pincher Creek Community Auction Sales Association, a co-operative enterprise with a thousand rancher members, is the town's biggest business. With headquarters in Pincher Creek, it holds cattle auctions at nine points throughout Alberta every year.

Buyers attend from all over the west. In a few minutes they can look over scores of cattle as long trips to individual ranches. The ranchers have found loss by the higher prices resulting from cooperative bidding. Last year 41 sales were held in the area, amounting and $250 000 worth of cattle changed hands. Pincher was the busiest point disposing of 8,900 cattle at 17 sales for a total of $371 000.

Cattle auctions hold at the stock yards beside the CPR station are a heady mixture of rights, sounds and smells: milling, bawling herds of Hereford, ten-gallon hats bobbing around the corrals; the ungoing chatter of the auctioneer; the aroma of hot dogs and coffee which Pincher Creek women sell from nearby booths.

Yet Pincher's present ranching color is pallid beside the characters and antics of early days. Pincher was in the making early in the 1880s when a party of prospectors lost a pair of pinoers in the creek. Their work difficult to replace and the prospectors complained so bitterly that the creek was named after the pincers.

Unlabibited Englishmen

As a settlement grew it attracted the gayest adventurers particularly English gentlemen. One of these, John George (Kootenai) Brewis, rode into south western Alberta before the settlement was founded. Brewis was a regal looking man with flowing mustache and hair that curled to the nape of his neck. He'd panned gold in California, fought Indians with Custer, punched cows in Montana and been educated at Eton and Oxford. He could rattle off a Latin phrase as handily as he could tackle a cocktail or a rum-sword. He rode into the Waterton Lake country 32 miles south of Pincher Creek, viewed he'd never seen a prettier spot and settled there in 1895 to the first warden and later superintendent of Waterton Lakes Park.

In the 1880s Liam Brooke, son of an English knight, came to the district, moved in, but returned often and was buried there a few years ago. Onlookers, the highway went through his Rockies Brooke felt the urge to return to Pincher Creek while in Vancouver. He flagged a taxi and said out of curiosity, "Pincher Creek."

"Sure," said the cabby. "What part of town is that?"

"Pincher Creek—*Alberta*," said Brooke with a trace of pique.

They argued eventually. The fare was $350, the tip $25 and Brooke gave the driver a ten-gallon hat to boot.

In his youth Brooke played in Pincher Creek polo teams which were founded in the 1880s and flourished for forty years. According to one historian, the game got its start when some Englishmen at a ranch were bored by nostalgia, sawed off several rake handles, mounted their shaggy range ponies and began chasing makeshift polo balls around the prairie. Proper equipment was then imported from England and a league was established. In 1913, 1918 and 1919 the North Fork team from twenty miles north of Pincher Creek won the western American polo championship in playoffs at Spokane, Wash.

To many residents today's Pincher Creek is humdrum by contrast with the old days. They live for the time a gas well, a highway or a miracle prune their town on the map. The stretch between here and Waterton Lakes Park has been called the prettiest drive in Canada. Says Chamber of Commerce president James Scott: "For years I've been trying to sell our local people on this country but I think we all take it too much for granted. Matthew Halton came back once, gave us a talk on some of the places he'd seen and told us how lucky we are. But hardly anyone was impressed."

Still, Scotty Freebairn touched the pulse of Pincher Creek one autumn day when he looked at its mountains, its cottonwoods and its mellow rangeland and wrote:

Pen cannot thrill of its charm tell
Artist never painted so gorgeous a scene
Only to him who have lived in the foothills
God hath revealed where His fairest places be. ★

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness

MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY

THE WORLD OVER

JASPER — By Simpkins



"Yer sure he's from the lodge?"

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

The things you say to us

THE MEN who knock on doors to ask people what they look of Maclean's report is that one of the best read departments in the magazine is our Mailbag column. This doesn't surprise us too much because we have lots years been conducting a lively correspondence with our readers. We get several hundred letters a month; we answer every



ter of them and we publish the most interesting ones.

Our Mailbag correspondents come from all over, from places as diverse as Gafahad Alta., and Chikopi, Ont. About 25 of our correspondents are regulars; i.e. they write us frequently commenting on the magazine and we write *them* regularly. Although not always at the same length. Most of these faithful correspondents ordinarily seem to come from small prairie towns.

People comment on just about everything and it's not unusual for us to get letters close typed seven pages long outlining matters of personal philosophy. Controversial topics, though, draw most mail; the controversy between progressive and conservative education for instance or that hardy perennial, the nature Canadian flag.



There are a large number of amateur epineters who will rise instantly to the defense of dogs, cats, deer and everything else on four feet. Remember Robert Thomas Allen's tirade against dogs? What letters! Incidentally, more people agreed with Allen than disagreed. Two of these letters purported to come from dogs. Animals write us fairly regularly. We once ran a piece about bulls. Got two letters from bulls that time.

Next to Bob Allen and dogs, the 1954 article to produce the most letters was that attack on grammar by Dr. Rudolf Flesch. (He said it was a waste of time.) This brought scores of letters and all sectors ones disagreed with Flesch. Wits writing whimsically agreed heedlessly.

Did we mention Beverley Baxter? Most of our Mailbag correspondents do. Day in and day out Baxter draws more letters than anybody writing for Maclean's. More than the dogs even. We could fill the entire Mailbag column with Baxter letters alone.

Aside from Baxter (the person who caused the biggest Mailbag storm recently was Miss Rita Boyd of Port Arthur. She said we had too much Canadian stuff in Maclean's and it embarrassed her to read about her fellow Canadians. This outraged just under a hundred of our readers who immediately sat down and wrote angry denunciations. We ran some of these and they in turn produced *further* denunciations.

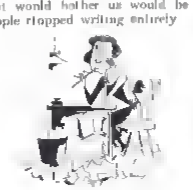
People often write us a second



letter asking why their first letter wasn't published while somebody else's on the same subject was. Well, we often get twenty letters all making the same point and we simply pick the prettiest. Incidentally we never run a letter that doesn't come to us signed and addressed. And we usually edit letters down in size to present a variety of viewpoints.

It's an almost inviolable rule by the way that the Mailbag column is reserved for people commenting directly on something that has appeared in the magazine; we just haven't got space to run an open forum for readers' general opinions.

Considering all the above we are continually surprised at the good manners and even tempers of most of our Mailbag contributors. Not that we're bothered by intemperate letters, mind you. The only thing that would bother us would be if people stopped writing entirely. ★



YES... a Priest CAN Forgive Your Sins!



Yet may not accept the idea of confessing your sins to a priest as Catholics do.

Perhaps you believe as many do that Confession is not of divine origin but only an invention of the Catholic Church. And possibly you will insist that God alone has the power to forgive sins and you therefore confess directly to Him.

Catholics know that Christ Himself instituted the Sacrament of Penance which includes Confession when He said to His Apostles: Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them: whose sins ye shall retain they are retained. (Matt. 16 19)

If they were faithful to these instructions, could the Apostles have neglected preaching, Confession and Penance from the very beginning of their ministry? They and their disciples were every where proclaiming the doctrine given them by Christ, establishing churches and appointing bishops and priests upon whom they conferred the same authority.

Christ was not speaking in parables when He said: "Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them: whose sins ye shall retain they are retained." (Matt. 16 19) No words could be plainer. And the subsequent actions of the Apostles leave no doubt that they understood exactly the responsibility and the authority vested in them.

The writers of the Church whose testimony bears witness to the traditional belief and practice from the earliest days of Christianity, insisted on Confession as the necessary means of regaining God's favor. Their full trust in Confession was made not to laymen but to priests who exercised the power of forgiving sins by virtue of Christ's commission. Origen and St. Cyprian in the second century, Tertullian and Ephraem in the third and St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine in the fourth all left historical testimony of the acceptance of the Sacrament of Penance by the first Christians.

For 1 500 years the faithful of all Christendom confessed their sins to a priest just as Catholics still do the world over today. And every Catholic whether he be the ruler of a nation or the humblest of men must be truly repentant and must confess his sins if he wants God's forgiveness.

Holy Scripture clearly tells us that Christ DID establish the Sacrament of Penance. If you want to know more about this Sacrament which can bring the grace of God into the most sinful heart, if you want to feel a new and tremendous inner sense of spiritual rebirth, write today for our free pamphlet entitled "Yes — A Priest CAN Forgive Your Sins." It will be sent free on your request, in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet MM 46.

FREE MAIL COUPON TODAY



SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
582 Sherbourne St
Toronto 5 Ont. Canada

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled "YES — A Priest CAN Forgive Your Sins" MM-46

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PROV

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
582 SHERBOURNE ST TORONTO 5 ONT CANADA

An Invitation to Organizations

Your Organization is invited to join the many other Canadian Service Clubs and Church Groups that are successfully building their treasury funds through our Organization Plan.

All your members and friends enjoy reading magazines. On their new and renewal subscriptions your group can keep a generous portion of each subscription dollar. Your Organization can easily and profitably adopt this plan. Full details can be obtained from

Mr. Reg Dawe, Organization Plan, Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co. Ltd., 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.

write TODAY!

(Advertisement)

mahd about music

Duke Ellington doesn't use sledgehammers or hacksaws, but Trinidad musicians do. Not on pianos, of course. Just to tune up oil barrels for their "steel bands". The melting, brilliant tones are mighty sweet, too.

The way Trinidadians put it, "Everybody mahd for steel bahnd!" Pinnacle thinking of giving revivals at Carnival time might as well pack up. 200 bands are playing away like crazy so they'd never be heard.

Years ago, when voodoo drums were banned, Trinidadians started looking around for substitutes and came up with some startling musical innovations. Ashcan and bottle bands, for one. It was Trinidadiana the neighbours objected to. The bottle sounded fine. Filled to various heights, you could tap out Chopin as well as calypso.

If you like calypso played on a bottle, that's your business. However, we think the best place for a bottle is on a table and not in a band. What's more, it's filled with Molson's Ale.

Once voodoo drums were used to tap out messages. You *could* tap out orders on a bottle, but for natives know Morse Code so you'll get faster action by saying "Makin' Mine Molson's" in a deep, bell-like tones. *Every* native knows most everybody mahd for Molson's, so he'll bring it, pronto.



Earn Extra Cash!

Now you can earn extra dollars regularly in your spare time by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions from your friends and neighbours.

And few forms of spare time money making are so easy to start. Your home is your office — you are your own boss — you work at your own convenience — in your own community — in your own way. No experience needed. No obligation or investment. Everything is supplied FREE!

Send For Free Prize Folder!

And as well as the simple instructions you will receive our Prize Folder showing many valuable prizes you can win — all in addition to the big commissions! Fill in and send the handy coupon to me today and your Prize Folder and FREE money making information will be mailed to you immediately.

Mail This Coupon — TODAY!

Mail This Coupon NOW!

Reg. Dewe. Local Agents Division — nmx/1/7
Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co. Ltd.
481 University Ave., Toronto 2

RUSH me free details of your money making subscription plan and Prize Folder.

Name

Address

City or Town — Prov.

PARADE

WE HAVE a little story for Dominion Day at the conclusion of which the audience will please rise and sing O Canada or at least O Ottawa. It is offered by a civil servant at Deep River, Ont., in atomic-energy land who thought he had learned all about government red tape until he mailed some superannuation forms in Ottawa. Many days later back they came. No, there was nothing wrong with the way they were filled out, and the official departmental stamp showed they'd been received in good time. But explained an accompanying letter, a new regulation said such forms could not be received by the superannuation office unless they had been registered at the post office to ensure delivery. Would he please mail them back and this time would he please register them?

He would and he did, but he thinks the government's going pretty far to make up that post office deficit.

• • •

There's a woman in Victoria well known to bee friends as a sort of latter-day Billie Burke—breathlessly bemused, pleasantly muddled and the other day she was driving rapidly down Oak Bay Avenue when a speed cop waved her to the curb. "Lady, what's your hurry?" demanded the officer. And somewhat taken aback, the woman exclaimed, "Why aren't I late?"

• • •

The Grenfell Union Hospital, in Grenfell, Sask., may have trouble



holding nurses but we don't imagine they'll have much difficulty replacing them so long as the unknown copy writer on the staff keeps inserting help wanted ads like this in the Regina Leader-Post:

"Two young gend nurses needed to replace the loss we suffered through an epidemic of wedlock. We cannot promise matrimony but we do promise interesting work with a most cordial group."

It was in London, Ont., the other night that a man spent the whole evening monkeying with his television set trying to get a clearer picture and it was the next morning when his wife solved the problem by removing the coating of window cleaner she'd applied to the screen the day before.

• • •

The most interesting nature item we saw all spring was the report in the Winnipeg Free Press that a woman in St. Vital had observed



"about sixty double-breasted cormorants resting on the Red River." And the most fascinating scientific discovery of the year has been finalled for us by a Parade scout in Ottawa who insists he just bought a pair of socks stamped "100 percent Virgin Nylon."

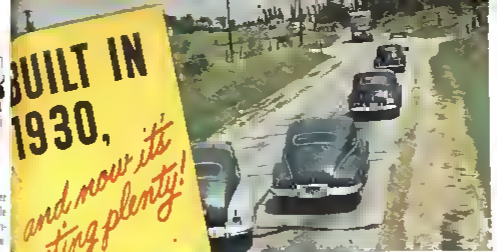
• • •

We thought this one was intended for the subscription department at first. A woman in Westmount, Que., wrote us that late in January she received a copy of Dec. 15 Maclean's, then a few days later Dec. 1 and a week later Nov. 15. She was a subscriber already and began to wonder whether someone had given her a kind of Christmas subscription in reverse. The copies stopped coming and the mystery remained unsolved till just the other day her husband suddenly remembered that he'd tied up three copies of Maclean's and mailed them to a cousin in England. Evidently the parcel had come apart and the individual copies had found their way back, one by one, until their own steam and guided by the original stickers.

• • •

A favorite cartoonist's theme involving a drunk and a pair of swinging doors got a fresh twist when the boss waiter in one of Vancouver's skid-row joints told the two pals of a rowdy drunk: "Get him outa here or I call the cops." Obediently they hustled their friend outside but he became so loud and belligerent that by the time they reached the sidewalk even the two pals had had enough. Turning him around they hustled the drunk back inside to face his late and walked off.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



It looked like [illegible] And it was—then. But tally up the vicious hidden costs of keeping this [illegible] today. See for yourself how they balloon all out of proportion to the [illegible] the road gives. It's costing plenty—now



This is one of the roa[illegible] from [illegible] It's exasperated motorists are tied up [illegible] wasting gu[illegible] hours of valuable time. Drivers' [illegible] start s[illegible] So the road manufactures the cost of many [illegible]



A half-mile from the railroad crossing, [illegible] this narrow road. Sometimes an impa[illegible] slow-moving vehicle. Result: one more victim add[illegible] of almost 3000 traffic deaths. The dollar value of this [illegible]



One of the blind curves [illegible] C[illegible] traffic injury every 10 minutes. What [illegible] Most victims are so happy to [illegible] hospital and doctor bills and loss of income. But it [illegible] expensive toll.



Only the smashed car remains as testimony to the [illegible] of the road's blind intersections. Property damage due to auto accidents has mounted to [illegible] over 30 million dollars annually! Think of the highways that might be built on both the first money—the lives without intersections or with intersections [illegible] visibility.

You pay dearly for outdated roads—in time, injuries, property damage, and life itself. Is it worth it? Poor roads are not only a menace but, in terms of tax dollars, a wasteful extravagance. Cure this condition by supporting every sound highway construction program. The money and anxiety saved may be your own.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

CATERPILLAR

DIESEL ENGINES
TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

WHEN YOU THINK OF BETTER ROADS THINK OF THE BIG YELLOW MACHINES THAT BUILD THEM ECONOMICALLY





Where'd they all go? Even without free-handed little girls like this, more families ran out of Kellogg's Corn Flakes this morning than any other cereal. This is happening all the time. That's because Kellogg's Corn Flak just naturally taste better to more people. Always have. Still do. No wonder so many women ck up a spare package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes every time they buy any cereal of any kind.

FRESH FROM Kellogg's OF CANADA